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PILLARS OF FREEDOM

Selected and edited by

S. S. MATHUR M. A.

*Principal and Senior Professor of English
Government College, Ajmer.*

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. A Sovereign Republic for India <i>Jawaharlal Nehru</i>	1
2. M. K. Gandhi-Symbol of Common-mans' struggle <i>Sir S. Radhakrishnan</i>	12
3. Racialism a Threat to World Peace <i>Mrs. Vijaylakshmi Pandit</i>	24
4. The Spirit of Congress <i>M. K. Gandhi</i>	28
5. Liberal Attitude <i>Srinivas Sastri</i>	43
6. Wanted a Beau Geste <i>Mrs. Surojini Naidu</i>	51
7. Courage <i>Sir J. M. Barrie</i>	60
8. Culture and Character <i>Lord Asquith</i>	80
9. The Cultural Influence of Islam <i>Sir Abdul Qadir</i>	89
10. The Aims of Education for Citizenship <i>Sir Ernest Simon</i>	106
11. The Power and Responsibility of the Press <i>Lord Rosebery</i>	116
12. Co-partnership <i>Lord Balfour</i>	123
13. From "Apologia" <i>Socrates</i>	129



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is one of the greatest men in the world today. A great patriot, he is a versatile man of letters. He is India's "Man of Destiny" and the idol of a great nation.

We are on the threshold of a new era. This resolution is a message defining our intentions as to what we propose to do. This is a contract with the millions of Indians in particular and the people of the world in general. This is in the nature of an oath that we mean to keep," declared Pandit Nehru moving his momentous resolution on the Constituent Assembly's objectives at preliminary session of the Constituent Assembly.

A SOVEREIGN REPUBLIC FOR INDIA.

**SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY
ON 13TH DECEMBER, 1946.**

It is a resolution and yet it is something much more than a resolution. It is a declaration. It is a firm resolve, it is a pledge and an undertaking, and it is for all of us a dedication.

I wish the House to appreciate the spirit behind this resolution. Words are magic things, but often enough the magic of words cannot convey the magic of the human spirit and of a nation's spirit. So I cannot say that this resolution at all conveys all that lies in the hearts and minds of the Indian people today. It seeks very feebly to tell the world what we have resolved to attempt to do. It is in this spirit that I venture to place this resolution and it is in this spirit that I hope the House will receive it and ultimately pass it.

League's Absence Regretted

The House knows that there are many absentees, many members who have a right to come and attend the

meeting. We regret that, because we should like to associate with ourselves as many people, as many representatives of as many different parts of India, of different groups, as possible.

We have undertaken a tremendous task and we seek the co-operation of all people in that task because the future of India that we have envisaged is not the future confined to any group, religious, provincial or other, but it comprises all of the 400 million people of India. It is therefore with deep regret that we find some benches empty, some colleagues who might have been here absent. I do hope that they will come and this House in its future stages will have the benefit of their co-operation.

Meanwhile, there is a duty cast upon us and that is to bear the absentees in mind and to remember always that we are here not to function as one party, or as one group, but for India as a whole. We have always to think of the welfare of the 400 millions that comprise India.

We are all members of our respective parties and presumably we shall continue in our respective parties, but, nevertheless, the time has come when we have to think of the nation and even of the world at large of which our nation is a great part.

High Adventure

I think in the work of this Constituent Assembly the time has come when we should rise above all our different party disputes and think of the great problems before us in the widest, most tolerant and effective manner, so that whatever we may produce should be worthy of India as a whole and the world should recognize that we have functioned as we ought to have in conducting this high adventure.

There is another person (Mahatma Gandhi) who is absent, and he must be in the minds of many of us, as he is in my mind. That great leader of our people, the father of our nation, who has been the architect of this assembly and all that has gone before, and possibly of much that

is to follow. He is not here because in the pursuit of his ideals he is ceaselessly working in a far corner, but I have no doubt that his spirit hovers over this place and blesses our undertaking.

As I stand here, sir, I feel weighed by a manner of things crowding round me. We are at the end of an era and possibly very soon we shall embark on a new age, and my mind goes back to the great past of India—to the five thousand years of India's history.

The past exhilarates me and at the same time somewhat oppresses me. Am I worthy of that past? And then I think of the future—greater future, I hope. And standing on the swords of the present between this mighty past and mightier future I tremble a little, I feel overwhelmed by this mighty task.

We have come here at a strange moment in India's history. I do not know but I do feel, that there is some magic in this moment of transition from the old to the new; something of the magic that one sees when the night turns into day, and though it may be cloudy the clouds roll away and we see the sun. And because of this I find a little difficulty in addressing this House and putting all my ideas before it, and I see that long succession of our colleagues and comrades who have laboured for the freedom of India and are no more. And now we stand on the verge of this passing age and I wish that the House will feel the solemnity of this moment.

There are a large number of amendments to this motion. It is open to the House to accept any amendment or to reject it, but I would suggest that this is not the moment for us to be technical and legal, to quarrel over small matters and to lose ourselves in wordy quarrels.

Making of American Nation

When I look at this Constituent Assembly I think of the various constituent assemblies that came before, of what took place at the making of the great American

nation when the representatives of that nation met and fashioned out a constitution which has stood the test of these many years—more than a century and a half—and of the great nation which has been built.

I think also of the mighty revolution which took place over 150 years ago and of that constituent assembly that met in that lovely city of Paris, which has fought many battles for freedom. The king and his authority came in its way and still it continued. The constituent assembly had to hold its sittings in a tennis court and took the oath which is called the 'Oath of the Tennis Court.' Even then it continued to meet in spite of the kings, in spite of others and did not disperse until it had finished its great task.

It is in that solemn spirit that we are meeting here in this chamber. Whether we meet here or in other chambers or in the fields and market places we shall go on meeting and continue our work until we have finished it.

Then I remember of the more recent revolution which gave rise to a new type of State, the revolution which took place in Russia and out of which emerged the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—another very great country which is playing a tremendous part in the world. It is not merely a mighty country but is also India's neighbour.

Not Part of Constitution

And so our mind goes back to all these assemblies and we seek to learn from their success and avoid their failure. Perhaps we may meet with some failure because some measure of failure is inherent in human nature. Nevertheless, we shall advance in spite of obstruction and difficulties and realize the dream for which we have fought for so long.

In this resolution we have avoided saying too much or too little. If you say too little, it becomes just a pious resolution meaning nothing at all. If you say too much, it encroaches on the functions of those who are

going to draw up the constitution. This resolution is not a part of the constitution we are going to draw up ; and it must not be looked upon as such.

This House has perfect freedom to draw up a constitution and when others join this House, they will have perfect freedom, too, to fashion out that constitution. This resolution, steers, between the extremes of saying too much and too little and lays down only certain fundamentals which, I believe, no group, no party and hardly any individual can dispute.

The resolution states that it is our firm and solemn resolve to have a sovereign Indian republic. Obviously we cannot have a monarchy. We are not going to have an external monarch, nor can we search for a local monarch. India must, therefore, inevitably be a republic.

Content Of Democracy •

Some people have asked me why we have not mentioned democracy in the resolution. It is conceivable that a republic may not be a democracy. But all our past is a witness to this fact that we stand for democracy and nothing else. What form it will take is another matter. The system of government we may establish here must be such that it may be acceptable to our people. It will be for this House to decide what shape we will give to that democracy. In this resolution, though we have not included the word "democracy," we have given the content of democracy. We have not only the content of democracy, but also the content of economic democracy.

Some people might take objection to this resolution on the ground that we have not said India should be a Socialist State. I stand for Socialism and I hope India will stand for Socialism. What form this Socialism will take is another matter and for you to consider. If, in accordance with my desire, I had put it that we want a Socialist State we may have put in something which may be acceptable to many, but may not be agreeable to some. But we wanted the resolution to be of a non-controversial nature. Therefore, we have not laid down theoretical

words, but the content of things we desire about which there can be no dispute.

Attitude To States

Some people have pointed out that our mentioning a republic may displease the Rulers of Indian States. I do not believe in the monarchical system anywhere, and in the world of today, monarchy is a fast disappearing institution. Nevertheless, it is not a question of my personal belief in this matter. People of Indian States must share completely the freedom to come. It is inconceivable that there may be different standards of freedom between the people of the States and the people outside the States.

I hope that in matters relating to the States this House will deal with the real representatives of the Indian States people. We are perfectly willing to deal with the rulers or their representatives in such matters as concern them but finally when we make a constitution of India, we must deal with the representatives of the people of the States. While we may lay down or agree that the measure of freedom must be the same in the States as elsewhere, personally I should like a measure of uniformity in regard to the apparatus and machinery of government. However, that is a point to be considered in co-operation and consultation with the States. I do not wish, and I imagine this Constituent Assembly will not like to impose anything on the States against their will. If the people of a particular State desire to have a certain form of administration, even though it may be monarchical, it should be open to them to have it.

States May Have Monarchy

Even in the British Commonwealth of Nations today, Ireland is a republic and yet, in many ways, it is a member of the British Commonwealth. So it is a conceivable thing. What will happen I do not know. But there is no incongruity or impossibility about their being a different form of administration in the States provided there is complete freedom and responsible government there and

the people really are in charge. If monarchical figure-heads are approved by the people of States, whether I like it or not, I certainly would not like to interfere.

I wish to make it clear that, so far as this resolution or this declaration is concerned, it does not interfere in any way with any future work that this Constituent Assembly may do or with any future negotiations that it may undertake. Only in one sense it does limit our work, if you call that a limitation. That is, we adhere to certain fundamental propositions which are laid down. These fundamentals are not controversial in any real sense of the word. Nobody challenges them in India. Nobody ought to challenge them. If anybody does challenge them, we will accept that challenge and hold to our position. (Cheers.)

Part In World Affairs

We are going to make a constitution for India. It is obvious that what we are going to do in India is going to have a powerful effect on the rest of the world, not only because a new free, independent nation comes out in the arena of the world, but because of the fact that India is such a country by virtue not only of her enormous size, but also enormous resources and her ability to play an important and vital part in world affairs. Even today on the verge of freedom India has begun to play an important part and that part will grow, and it is, therefore, right that the framers of our constitution should always bear this larger international aspect in mind. We approach the world in a friendly way. We want to make friends, in spite of the long history of conflict, with England also.

The House knows that recently I paid a visit to England. I was reluctant to go for reasons the House knows well. But I went because of a personal request from the Prime Minister of Great Britain. I went and I met with courtesy everywhere. Yet at this psychological moment in India's history when we wanted, when we hungered for, messages of cheer, friendship and co-

operation from all over the world, and more specially from England, because of the past contact and conflict between us, I came back without any message of cheer and with a large measure of disappointment.

New Difficulties

I hope that the new difficulties that have arisen—for new difficulties have arisen as everyone knows, because of the recent statements made by the British Government and by others in authority there—will not come in the way and we shall yet succeed in going ahead with the co-operation of all of us here and those who have not come. Nevertheless, it has been a blow to me and it has hurt me that just at the moment when we are going to strike ahead, obstructions have been placed in our way. New limitations have been mentioned which had not been mentioned previously and new methods of procedure have been suggested.

I do not wish to challenge the *bona fides* of any person, but I do wish to say that, whatever the legal aspect of a thing might be, there are moments when law is a very feeble reed to rely upon, more especially when you have to deal with a nation which is full of the passion of freedom. Most of us here remember the past. Many of us have taken part in the struggle for India's freedom. We have gone through the valley of the shadow, and if necessity arises we shall go through it again. (Cheers.)

Through all this long period we have thought of the time when we shall have an opportunity not merely to struggle, not merely to destroy, but to construct and create. And when it appeared that the time was coming for constructive effort in a free India, we looked forward to it with joy. When fresh difficulties are placed in our way at such a moment, it hurts and it shows that, whatever the forces behind all this may be, people who are able and clever and very intelligent somehow lack the imaginative daring which should accompany great offices. For, if you have to deal with any people, you have to understand them imaginatively;

emotionally and, of course intellectually. And one of the unfortunate legacies of this past is that there has been no imagination in the understanding of the Indian problem.

No Advice Needed

People have often indulged in and presumed to give us advice, not realizing that India as she is constituted today wants no one's advice and no one's imposition ("Hear, hear") and that the only way to influence India is through friendship, co-operation and goodwill. Any element of imposition, the slightest trace of patronage, is resented and will be objected to. (Cheers.)

We have tried honestly enough in the last few months, in spite of difficulties that have faced us, to create an atmosphere of co-operation. We shall continue that endeavour, but I do very much fear that that atmosphere will be impaired if there is not sufficient response from others. Nevertheless, because we are bent on high tasks, I do trust that we shall continue that endeavour, and I do hope that if we continue that, we shall succeed too.

And we must continue that endeavour, even though in our opinion some countrymen of ours take a wrong path, for, after all, we have to live together in this country, we have to work together and we have inevitably to co-operate if not today, then tomorrow or the day after. Therefore, we have to avoid doing anything which may create a new difficulty for the fashioning of that future which we are working for.

So far as our own countrymen are concerned, we must inevitably try our utmost to gain their co-operation in the largest measure. Co-operation, yes. But co-operation cannot, does not and will not mean giving up of the fundamental ideals on which we have stood and on which the nation should stand ("Hear, hear"), because that is not co-operation to achieve something but a surrender of everything that has given meaning to our lives.

Need Of Clear Vision

Apart from that, as I said, we seek the co-operation of England, even at this stage. We feel that if that co-operation is denied, maybe that will be injurious to India to some extent, but probably more so to England and to some extent to the world at large. We live today in a period when having just come out of a mighty war, people talk vaguely and wildly of new wars to come. At such a moment new India is taking birth, renascent, vital and fearless. Perhaps it was a suitable moment for this new birth to take place out of the turmoil of the world. But we have to be clear-eyed at this moment, we who have the heavy task of constitution-building. We have to think of the tremendous prospect of the present and the greater prospect of the future and not get lost in seeking small gains for this group or that.

In this Constituent Assembly we are functioning on a world stage, and the eyes of the world are upon us, the eyes of our entire past are upon us, and though the future is still unborn, the future, too, looks at us. And so I would beg of this House to consider the resolution in this mighty prospect of our past, of the turmoil of the present and of the great unborn future that awaits us. (Loud cheers.)

Speech in Hindustani

Earlier, Pandit Nehru addressed the House in Hindustani. Pandit Nehru said that the Constituent Assembly had been meeting for some days and had so far been concerned with details of procedure and other formal business. We have been clearing the path that we propose to follow, and clearing the ground where we propose to erect the edifice of a constitution. Before advancing we must know where we are going and what we intend building. In building we must note with care each brick that we use. But before that, we must have a plan of the structure that we wish to erect. We have had various plans for a free India in our minds, but now it seems necessary to place that plan in a formal and orderly manner before the people of India and of the world.

Birth Of New Assembly

It is the aim of the resolution that I am placing before the House to fulfil that need. You know that this Constituent Assembly is not what many of us would have wished it to be. It was born under special conditions and the British Government is also responsible for its birth. They have attached certain conditions to it.

We accepted the plan after serious deliberation and we shall endeavour to remain within its limits. You must not, however, ignore the source from which this Assembly derives its strength. Governments are not formed by statements. Governments are in fact the expression of the will of the people. We have met here today because of the support of the people who are behind us ; we can only go so far as they will allow us to, and we must not forget these facts.

SIR S. RADHAKRISHNAN

Unveiling a bronze life-size statue of Mahatma Gandhi at Karachi in September 1946, Sir Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan described Gandhiji as "the embodied voice of sixty years of our struggle for freedom. It is a great triumph for Gandhiji and his principle of non-violence," he declared, "that we are establishing freedom without any bloodshed or anarchy."

Sir Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan is the Vice-Chancellor of Benares University and a Philosopher and orator of international repute.

SYMBOL OF COMMON MAN'S STRUGGLE

**SPEECH DELIVERED IN KARACHI IN SEPTEMBER
1946 WHILE UNVEILING A STATUE OF
MAHATMA GANDHI**

The members of the Indian Merchants' Association of Karachi have done me a great honour by asking me to unveil the bronze statue of Mahatma Gandhi in this city which has now become the air gateway to India. There are certain pages in the histories of nations which are referred to by later generations with pride and reverence. Our age is one such which will be remembered as the era of the resurrection of our nation, when our country passed from a state of subjection to a foreign power to one of freedom. This great transition is consummated by the consecrated will of the people and their determined non-violent resistance to the greatest imperialist power. This emergence of our nation is achieved without a long-drawn out armed conflict with its aftermath of hatred, bitterness and decline in moral standards.

We owe this in the main to Mahatma Gandhi who has vitalized the country, awakened its will,

roused its energies and inspired its political thinking with a new ethical passion.

Saint and Revolutionary

In a recent book, *The Yogi and the Commissar*, Arthur Koestler observes that the future of European civilization depends on the refashioning of the humanmind. "Neither the saint nor the revolutionary can save us, only the synthesis of the two." We have such a synthesis in Gandhi, who is at once a saint and a revolutionary. His saintliness has little in common with sectarian orthodoxy. For him the ultimate spirit is greater than the scriptures, the One Supreme whom all religions adore. The sacred fire is the same in its essence wherever it may be burning. Historical accidents account for the varied expressions we employ to represent the same meaning. Gandhi's faith in God makes him an incorrigible optimist about the future of man. From his faith flow his devotion to truth and love, his singleness of purpose, his soul of honour, attributes that have endeared him to us all. His call to us is to deepen our spirits and enlarge the scope of our affection. The nobler a soul is, it is said, the more objects of compassion it has. The greatest souls look upon the whole world as their family, *vasudhaiva kutumbakam*.

Though Gandhi has contributed a great deal to the recovery of our nation, to the revelation of its mental and moral resources so long repressed by enslavement, though he has led, guided and controlled for over a generation our liberation movement which has to its credit many sacred memories and sacrificial efforts, our national revival is not the chief or the highest part of his great work. When the strife of these days is forgotten, Gandhi will stand out in history as the great prophet of truth and love in the settlement of the national and international disputes. In clear and confident tones he tells us that this world of blood and tears is not what the world should be.

Moral Foundation

We must build a world of peace and we cannot do so unless we secure for it a truly moral foundation. We may hold different metaphysical views, adopt different modes of worship and there are millions today who do not desire or place their faith in any God at all. But every one of us will feel, highly offended if he is pronounced destitute of any moral sense, if he is said to be untruthful or unloving. All religions and systems of morality are agreed that respect for life, respect for intangible possessions, good name and honour, constitute morality and justice. Do not unto others what you would not like to be done to you. *Amanah pratikulani paresam na samacaret*. Even primitive savages accept this principle. Only for them its appreciation is limited to their own tribe and race and those outside are not regarded as human beings. As our horizon expands, as our moral sense deepens we feel that these moral precepts are valid for all human beings. The great German philosopher, Kant, who was very sensitive to right and wrong, declared: "No evil shocks the mind like injustice; all other evil that we suffer is as nothing compared therewith." He continues: "If justice should perish, it would no longer be worth living for human beings to live on earth." Fear of our own safety or the peril of our country should not prevent us from protesting against injustice and resisting wrongs. Neutrality between right and wrong is a sign of moral perversity.

The Human Problem

This aching world longs to live but it does not know how. Our projects for reshaping life which began in hope have ended in failure. Our sorrows and sufferings are being repeated under other forms. All this is not due to the defects of the political machinery of the League of Nations or the United Nations Organisation but to the failings of men who operate them. The political and economic factors, geography and geology, scientific discovery and industrial development are no doubt important but more important than all these is the human

element which is a complex of wisdom, judgment, disinterestedness, a sense of fairplay, self-mastery or their opposites of greed, ambition, vanity, pride and jealousy. The real problem is the human one. History is made more by the emotions of men than by the forces of economics. Whether the world makes for achievement or frustration depends on the nature of the human material. The re-education of man, the discipline of his will and intelligence which will cure his weakness to which he is inclined and strengthen the virtues which he requires is what we need. We should endow human beings with a sense of right which will burn up the grosser elements of our nature in its consuming flame.

The Path of Love

Today the world is like a ship with no captain heading for the rocks. It is swept by passion and folly. We do not know whether it is passing through birth pangs or death throes. If we adopt the path of greed, hatred and self-interest, we will become something less than human. If we take the other path of fortitude, unselfish service and sacrifice, we will reach height of splendour in body, mind and spirit of which we can hardly dream. Irreligion is our malady and religion as an adventure of spirit as a radical transformation of human nature is the cure for it.

Such a religion will be revolutionary in character requiring us to embrace by an act of faith a vision of humanity based on justice, racial and national. Enslavement of one people by another, whatever may be the reason, is an act of injustice. Those who suffer from such injustice wish to get rid of it by armed resistance. It is Gandhi's supreme contribution that he substitutes for this method of force the method of love.

Gandhi started his political career by resisting the injustice of race discrimination in South Africa. In spite of all his efforts the problem has recently assumed staggering proportions. The recent passage of the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Act which prohibits Indians from buying or occupying property in

certain European areas and gives statutory enforcement to the principle of segregation is an insult which the Indian residents of South Africa are resisting by the method of satyagraha. They have lodged a complaint before the United Nations Organisation and are adopting what may be regarded as a civilized method of resistance to a great wrong. Though the evil may appear to succeed for a time the present resistance is bound to discredit and destroy the evil in a moral world ; evil is self-destructive.

The Deeper Struggle

It is said that non-violence is the dream of the wise while violence is the history of man. It is true that wars are obvious and dramatic and their results in changing the course of history are evident and striking. But there is a struggle which goes on without arms and violence in the minds of men. The consequences of this deeper struggle are not recorded in the statistics of the killed and the injured. It is the struggle for human descency, for the avoidance of physical strife which restricts human life, for a world without wars and famines, for raising humanity to a higher plane. Gandhi is the most effective fighter in this great struggle. His message is not a matter for academic debate by intellectual highbrows. It is the cry of exasperated mankind which is at the cross-roads. Which shall prevail, the law of the jungle or the law of love ?

Every child that is born into the world offers by its advent the assurance that love is the ba-is of life. The common people are simple and kind. They love their neighbours and go out of their way to help them. It is wrong to assume that human nature is warlike and it is difficult to change it. Violence is not born in men but is built into them. Human nature is plastic and is capable of improvement. Cannibalism and human sacrifices are abolished. The diseased and the insane are not cut off. We are not happy about the execution of murderers. We look forward to a time when criminals and lunatics will be treated as objects of remedial care.

Making A Start

It is argued that it will not be possible for one nation to adopt non-violence while others are heavily armed. Such a view will make all progress impossible. The human race did not get on its hind legs as one man. However general the consciousness that the posture is possible may have been, someone had to make a start with the gesture. Even now someone has to express consciously the half-realized resentment of the ordinary human being to the organization of war.

“Gandhi felt that he could make a start with the Indian people who, in his opinion, had an innate love of truth and hatred of force. If India by the practice of non-violent resistance overthrows foreign rule, she will help to build a new humanity out of the ruins of a war-weary and worn-out world.”

Gandhi believes that non-violence is the most effective remedy in all conditions. In this battle he who wins gains freedom, he who falls is already free. “To experiment with ‘ahimsa’ in face of a murderer is to seek self-destruction. But this is the real test of ‘ahimsa’,” says Gandhi. “He who gets himself killed out of sheer helplessness, however, can in no wise be said to have passed the test. He who, when being killed, bears no anger against his murderer, and even asks God to forgive him, is truly non-violent.” In a world cursed by obstinate prejudice, held together by unfading memories of ancient feuds, who can measure the value of this matchless weapon of reconciling love.

Challenge Accepted

‘Physician, heal thyself’ is the challenge of the successful nations to the people of India. Gandhi has accepted this challenge and has spent his life in the task of the healing of the nation. He has known the physical poverty, intellectual inertia and the spiritual decadence of his people. He has seen in his life thousands of ragged skeletons of human beings crawling to the wayside ditches to

die. He has seen workers huddle together in tenements leading a poor careworn existence on a petty wage condemned to insecurity and poverty never far removed from destitution. He has seen middle classes grow up, Eurasian in mentality, insensitive to ideals. He has felt the moral injury inflicted by political subjection. Patiently he has addressed himself to the task of the regeneration of his people. He has roused their sense of self-respect, goaded them to strive for better conditions and look at their masters, white or brown, with fearlessness. None are so fitted to break the chains as those who wear them.

“He symbolizes the struggle of the common man and has identified himself with the starving millions by forgoing privileges which others cannot share. His loin cloth, his spinning wheel, his third class travel are symbolic of his community with the poorest of the country.”

The Great Loyalties

Freedom is not merely the improvement of physical conditions or the achievement of political independence. It is advance into a new life when all things undergo transformation and all forms of human oppression cease. Gandhi seeks to emancipate us from the network of social restrictions imposed on us by centuries of tradition. He enlarged the programme of the Congress and made it include the removal of the curse of untouchability, the evil of drink, the pride of caste and the prejudice of religion. The caste and the outcaste, the rich and the poor, the Muslim and the Hindu, the Sikh and the Christian, are all brethren in his integrated vision of the new India which is in the making. Every period of transition is one of friction, resistance, conflict, distress of mind, a cruel clash of rival loyalties. The old does not yield without protest, the new is not accepted without resistance. In our generation there has been a considerable dislocation of society, decay of conventions and beliefs and breakdown of authority. Our society is heaving like some huge animal in pain. We feel that there has been no age so disillusioned, so eclectic, so unbelieving as ours.

In such a period when all things are on the move, Gandhi asks us to hold fast to the great loyalties of spirit, to virtue and to truth.

No Racial Animosity

In his anxiety to get rid of British rule, he does not resort to falsehood or cunning, deceit or violence. He would rather postpone the achievement of Indian freedom than resort to wrong means. When he returned from the Second Round Table Conference, he said; "I admit that I have come back empty-handed but I am thankful that I have not lowered or in any way compromised the honour of the flag that was entrusted to me. It has been my constant prayer that I may not, in an unguarded moment of weakness, betray myself into act or word that may be unbecoming to the dignity of my country or the trust which my countrymen have reposed in me." Thanks to his leadership, the struggle for Indian freedom has been unmixed with any racial animosity. There lurks no ill-will for the British in Indian hearts. If we compare the way in which anti-British feeling expressed itself in Ireland or is expressing itself in Palestine today we will see how the Indian movement for independence has been a clean one. When times are exceptional and tempers frayed, there is a temptation to commit excesses but Gandhi does not tolerate them. When the Bombay naval disturbances occurred he scolded those who started them.

A Great Triumph

He is fully aware of the extent of corruption in high places, of the failure of services, of the masking of secular ambition by the profession of religious purpose, of the irritation of the people and yet he warns us not to lose grip over fundamental principles. He advises us to view the affairs of our disordered and long-suffering country in the light of great ideals. That we are establishing freedom without any bloodshed and anarchy is a great triumph for Gandhi and his principle of non-violence. He certainly does not ask us to acquiesce in wrong or submit meekly to injustice. He advised us again and again to

resist injustice as embodied in British rule. Suffering there has been but it has been the suffering of our own people. Thousands lost their lives. More thousands lost their property and still more suffered in prison. The British Government's realization that it is impossible to carry on on the old lines is due to the organized resistance of the Indian people to British rule. The war, of course, gave great impetus to the liberation movements. Public opinion of the world is insistent that imperialism should be liquidated. The British Government's assurance of independence to India is a response to the necessities of the case.

Impatient Youth

There are many among the younger members of the country who view the British Government's proposals with profound misgivings. They see in it under cover of a generous gesture a manoeuvre more complicated but similar in trend to the old policy of divide and rule. When once the basis of the proposals with its groupings and three-decker constitution is accepted, they feel it will be difficult to develop a constitution which will make for effective unity, real freedom and economic security for the common man. In all this turmoil and confusion, Gandhi advises us not to lose faith in ourselves or even in the British. To suspect motives is a species of weakness. Full freedom for the country cannot be achieved by the transfer of political power. The establishment of the Interim National Government and the elected Constituent Assembly is a step but only a step towards the realization of the ideals which the Congress set to itself when it was established in 1885. Gandhi is the embodied voice of sixty years of our struggle for freedom.

Today, we must think of those great leaders of the past, who, in their own way and according to their own lights, worked for the goal which we are now approaching. If their ideals do not appeal to us today, if our present programmes seem to a section of our impatient youth to be somewhat inadequate, let us remember that politics is the art of the possible. It occupies a middle or mediating

position between the spirit and the life, between the ideal and the actual, between the desirable and the necessary. It will embrace much that is high or merely expedient, much that is a concession to facts and human weakness but whatever measures we may adopt, however much we may yield to hard facts, we should never renounce the ideal, never deny the moral side of human nature.

Dangers Ahead

When we pass from the ease and security of servitude to the risk and adventure of freedom, we have to face dangers and difficulties. The tragic happenings of August 16 to 19 in Calcutta with all their frightfulness and brutality, the riots in Bombay and elsewhere are unfortunately the results of provocative speeches by our leaders. The Indian National Congress adopted direct action under the names of non-co-operation, civil disobedience and satyagraha, but it was generally controlled by the principle of non-violence. In the murder, arson and loot that followed the League programme of direct action, which did not exclude violence from its conception, the human bonds were untied and the beast in man loosened. Those who talk incessantly of violence, of bloodshed, of civil war cannot escape responsibility for the excesses of the mobs and violent attacks on person and property. If common people forget their humanity and behave towards one another like brutes, we are responsible for misleading them. Through Press and wireless we demoralize men, debauch their minds, deny outrageous rumours in order to spread them further, invent messages and improve on them. Society is held together by the decency, loyalty and good faith of the common man. When we appeal to the darker side of human nature, to its selfishness and cupidity, to communal and racial prejudice, we tend to break up society. Men are not meant for uniforms, material or spiritual.

New Cult Of Toughness

Terrorism has become a regular instrument of politics in these months after the war. It is a new and disturbing

force in the politics of the world. It emerged from the practices natural to total war where the justice of the means was derived from the righteousness of the end. A deliberate cult of toughness has spread and we are feeling ashamed of pity as of a crime. Gangster methods are used as a form of pressure on the Government by those who believe that the march of events is too slow and needs a kick. This new uprush of barbarism will not be eradicated by force. History demonstrates that murders breed murders and we can cut across the vicious circle only by getting behind and trying to understand. That the end justifies the means, that morality may be subordinated to the interests of the groups, race or nation is an anti-social doctrine. If it is accepted, Governments will become instruments of social torture. Though Gandhi is much disturbed by the rising wave of violence he feels that the spirit of violence will be killed and will not continue as it is contrary to the spirit of this land. The recent disturbances in Calcutta demonstrate not only that there are barbarians in all groups but also that there are finer elements capable of quiet clarity and elemental goodness. These reserves of moral power should be used to save our society from decline.

Buddha's Warning

The Great Buddha said that the Republic of the Lichchavis would prosper so long as the members of their assembly met frequently, showed reverence to age, experience and ability, transacted business in concord and harmony and did not develop selfish parties engaged in perpetual wrangling for their narrow and selfish ends. If we are to adopt his advice we must produce a framework which will reduce internal conflict and foster the virtues which make for the values of civilization, humility, understanding and justice. We should refuse to believe that the world can be saved only by desperate men. We must establish the dignity of man in the breasts of our fellow-men. We must hold ourselves personally responsible for every savage act that is done. Democracy means a faith that we are equals in the eyes of God, that we are all

equally important to ourselves, that we have an equal right to realize ourselves provided that in so doing we do not interfere with similar realization on the part of others. Liberty is not merely a matter of political independence, constitutional democracy or freedom of thought. No man can have liberty if he is confined and oppressed by ignorance, by poverty, by excessive hours of labour or insecurity of livelihood. Those who suffered and died in the cause of Indian freedom did not do so to defeat the rising tide of democratic forces.

Constructive Leadership

We have now a Government of our leaders and it rests with it to make the people feel that they have at last got their own Government. We have till now shown great strength in offering resistance. We have now to show that we have enough strength and discipline for constructive leadership. Successful self-government requires men who have governed their own selves, their ingrained selfishness and communal pride. The new Government has a great responsibility. It will have to destroy the mutual distrust of the communities and foster the faith that every Indian, whatever be his race or community, can live without fear and will have an equal opportunity in a free India. Men's actions are ruled by passions and if our country is not to become a madhouse, it is the task of statesmanship to make the nobler passions prevail.

To what destinies our nation is marching we do not know. But this at least we know that those destinies have been perceptibly affected by the life and work of this great soul. No wonder his compatriots unite in paying affectionate homage to this central figure of our age who has disclosed to an unheeding world the beauty of truth and the power of love.

“He belongs to the type that redeems the human race. His life which has been a testimony of devotion to freedom, of allegiance to faith, of the undying glory of duty fulfilled, of sacrifice gladly accepted for all human ideals, will continue to inspire countless generations for nobler living.”

Mrs. VIJAY LAKSHMI PANDIT

This is Mrs. Pandit's slashing attack on South African policy—"The issue we have brought before you is by no means narrow or a local one, nor can we accept any contention that a gross and continuing outrage of this kind against the fundamental principles of the Charter can be claimed by any one and the least of all by a member State, to be a matter of no concern to this Assembly," said Mrs. Vijay Lakshmi Pandit, leader of the United Nations delegation, at the General Assembly of the United Nations at New York in October 1946.

People of all nationalities thronged the public galleries at the United Nations General Assembly to hear India's outspoken representative, Mrs. Pandit, the only woman to head any of the 51 delegations.

RACIALISM A THREAT TO WORLD PEACE

**SPEECH AT THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE U.N.O.
IN OCTOBER 1946.**

"We in India have pursued steadfastly, often at great cost, the goal of freedom of peoples to which this great organization is dedicated. We have yet to achieve our independence but we have travelled so far along the road of freedom that today for the first time India's delegate to an International Assembly is briefed and accredited by a national government and speaks with a full sense of responsibility and authority vested in that government by the confidence and sanctions of our people. India has not yet played a sufficiently effective part in this Assembly. She desires and intends to do so."

Resistance To Aggression

Mrs. Pandit added: "As a majority country geographically in a strategic position in the Indian Ocean with



significant relations and cultural ties with her neighbours in Asia, the contribution she has made in resistance to aggression and the cause of human freedom and her role in world economy entitle her to a place in important organs of the United Nations. I would mention the Security and Trusteeship Council and an adequate share in the administration of the organization. We are confident that this Assembly will readily recognize and respond adequately to these desires."

"Hitherto as a dependent country, our relations with the rest of the world were perforce not of our choice or making. Today the Government of India have announced the outlines of an independent foreign policy."

"We believe that peace and freedom are indivisible and denial of freedom anywhere must lead to conflict and war. We repudiate utterly the Nazi doctrine of racialism wheresoever and in whatever form it may be practised. We seek no dominion over others, we claim no privileged position over other people, but we do claim equal and honourable treatment for our people wherever they may go and we cannot accept any discrimination against them."

"For this reason and as a demonstration, we expect the United Nations to implement in practice the principles and bases of civilized life which have been embodied in the Charter. We have brought before the Assembly the treatment of Indians by South Africa, a member State and signatory to the Charter. The way this Assembly treats and disposes of this issue is open to the gaze not only of those gathered here but to millions in the world—progressive peoples of all countries, more particularly non-European peoples of the world—who, let it not be forgotten, are an overwhelming section of the human race."

"The issue we have brought before you is by no means narrow or a local one, nor can we accept any contention that a gross and continuing outrage of this kind against the fundamental principles of the Charter can be claimed by anyone, and the least of all by a member State, to be a matter of no concern to this Assembly."

"Bitter memories or racial doctrines in practice of States and Governments are still fresh in the minds of all of us. Their evil and tragic consequences are part of the problems with which we are called upon to deal."

Inconsistent With Charter's Aims

"India firmly believes that imperialism, political, economic or social, and in whatever part of the world it may exist and by whosoever it may be established and perpetuated, is totally inconsistent with the objects and purposes of the United Nations and its Charter. Sufferings, frustration, violation of human dignity and challenge to world peace, freedom and security that an empire represents must be one of the prime concerns of this Parliament of world's peoples. Millions look to us to resist and end imperialism in all its forms even as they rely upon us to crush the last vestiges of Fascism and Nazism. India looks with confidence to the United Nations to give to the exploited millions of the world faith and hope and promise that their liberation is at hand. India is concerned about the use of armed powers of member States for purposes other than preventing aggression on behalf of the United Nations."

Use of Indian Troops Abroad

"The use of troops against the national aspirations of the people for the protection of imperial vested interests and virtually as armies of occupation, threatening both the weaker peoples and world peace as a whole, call for unreserved condemnation by the United Nations—and for the demand that all such troops shall be withdrawn."

"The Assembly is no doubt aware of the strength and unity of feeling in India on the use of Indian troops in Indonesia and elsewhere. Surely with the Great War ended in victory for freedom it is time to end these lesser wars waged for the Empire."

"Another question on which India will place its considered views before the Assembly is the question of what

is called veto. We approach the question with earnest anxiety to help and maintain the machinery of collective organization of peace and security for all. We should protest as sharply as any one at the abuse of veto as of any other power. I should prefer to look upon the so-called veto in a positive way and as a necessary device for securing that vital decisions by Great Powers rest on unanimity and not in disregard of total opposition to any proposal by one of them."

"We regret that none of the major political issues examined by the Security Council, with the exception of the Syrian and the Lebanese question, has been satisfactorily or conclusively disposed of."

"We equally express our regret that not all the mandatory powers have offered to place the territories for which they hold mandates under the United Nations trusteeship. We are gravely concerned that South Africa proposes that the mandated territory of South-West Africa should be incorporated."

"We move, in spite of difficulties, towards closer co-operation and the building of a world commonwealth. Let us do this with more deliberation and speed. To this end let us direct our energies and remind ourselves that in our unity of purpose and action lies the hope of the world."

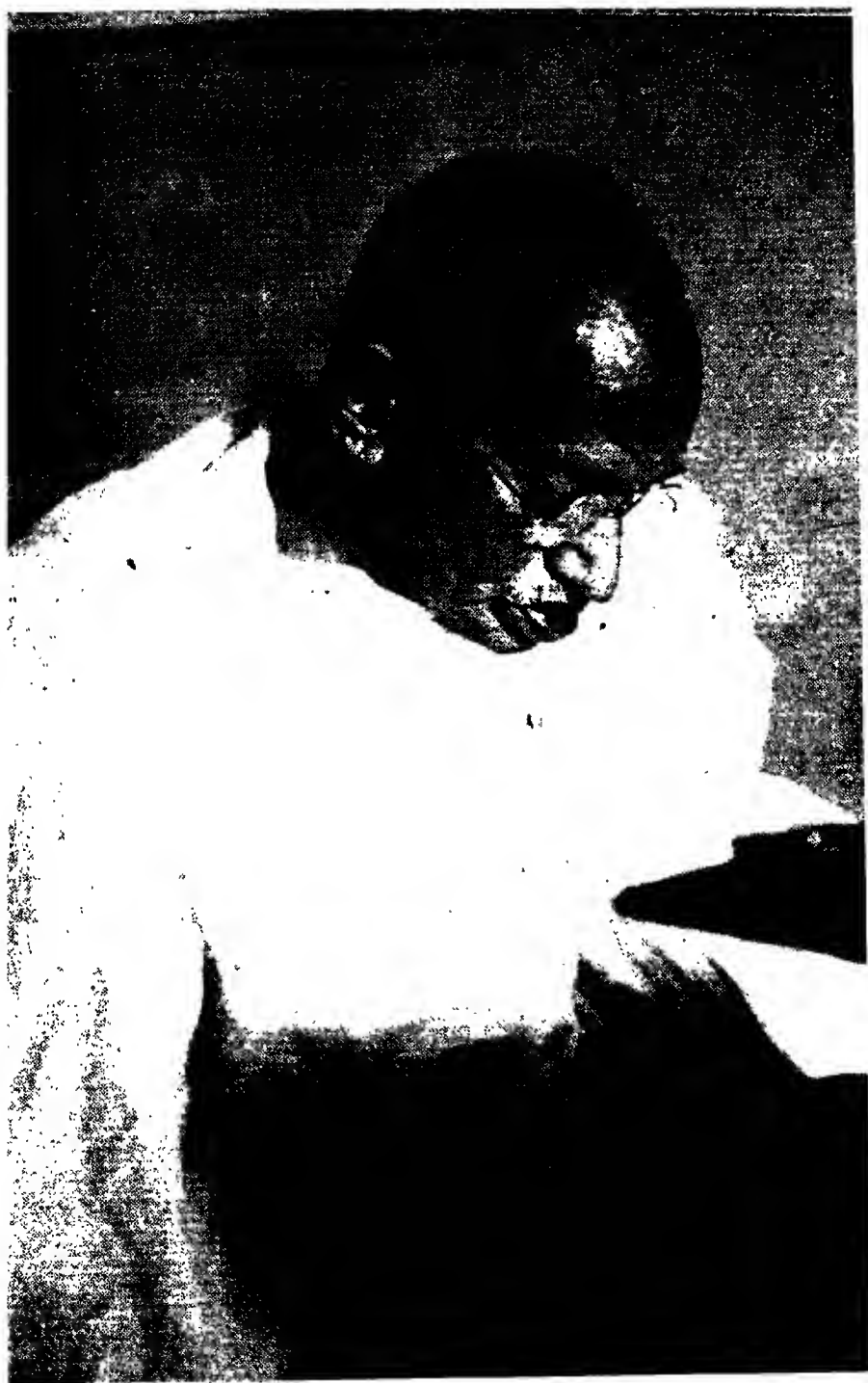
M. K. GANDHI

The following speech made by Mahatma Gandhi is considered one of most brilliant that he has ever delivered.

THE SPIRIT OF CONGRESS

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE ROUND TABLE
CONFERENCE, DECEMBER 1, 1931.

Prime Minister and friends, I wish that I could have done without having to speak to you but I felt that I would not have been just to you or just to my principles if I did not put in what may be the last word on behalf of the Congress. I live under no illusion. I do not think that anything that I can say this evening can possibly influence the decision of the Cabinet. Probably the decision has been already taken. Matters of the liberty of practically a whole continent can hardly be decided by mere argumentation, even negotiation. Negotiation has its purpose and has its play, but only under certain conditions. Without those conditions negotiations are a fruitless task. But I do not want to go into all these matters. I want as far as possible to confine myself within the four corners of the conditions that you, Prime Minister, read to this conference at its opening meeting. I would, therefore, first of all say a few words in connexion with the reports that have been submitted to this Conference. You will find in these reports that generally it has been stated that so and so is in the opinion of a large majority, some, however, have expressed an opinion to the contrary, and so on. Parties who have dissented have not been stated. I had heard when I was in India, and I was told when I came here, that no decision or no decisions will be taken by the ordinary rule of majority, and I do not want to mention this fact here by way of complaint that the reports have been so framed as if the proceedings were governed by the test of major-



gathered together here. I wish I could convince all the British public men, the British ministers, that the Congress is capable of delivering the goods. The Congress is the only all-India-wide national organization, bereft of any communal bias; that it does represent all the minorities which have lodged their claim here and which, or the signatories on their behalf claim—I hold unjustifiably—to represent 46 per cent of the population of India. The Congress, I say, claims to represent all these minorities.

What a great difference it would be to-day if this claim on behalf of the Congress was recognized. I feel that I have to state this claim with some degree of emphasis on behalf of peace, for the sake of achieving the purpose which is common to all of us, to you Englishmen who sit at this table, and to us the Indian men and women who also sit at this table. I say so for this reason. Congress is a powerful organization; Congress is an organization which has been accused of running or desiring to run a parallel Government; and in a way, I have endorsed the charge. If you could understand the working of the Congress, you would welcome an organization which could run a parallel Government and show that it is possible for an organization, voluntary, without any force at its command, to run the machinery of government even under adverse circumstances. But no. Although you have invited the Congress, you distrust the Congress. Although you have invited the Congress, you reject its claim to represent the whole of India. Of course it is possible at this end of the world to dispute that claim, and it is not possible for me to prove this claim; but, all the same, if you find me asserting that claim, I do so because a tremendous responsibility rests upon my shoulders.

The Congress represents the spirit of rebellion. I know that the word "rebellion" must not be whispered at a conference which has been summoned in order to arrive at an agreed solution of India's troubles through negotiation. Speaker after speaker has got up and said that India should achieve her liberty through negotiation,

by argument, and that it will be the greatest glory of Great Britain if Great Britain yields to India's demands by argument. But the Congress does not hold that view, quite. The Congress has an alternative which is unpleasant to you.

I heard several speakers—and let me say I have endeavoured not to miss a single sitting; I have tried to follow every speaker with the utmost attention and with all the respect that I could possibly give to these speakers—saying what a dire calamity it would be if India was fired with the spirit of lawlessness, rebellion, terrorism and so on. I do not pretend to have read history, but as a schoolboy I had to pass a paper in history also, and I read that the page of history is soiled red with the blood of those who have fought for freedom. I do not know an instance in which nations have attained their own without having to go through an incredible measure of travail. The dagger of the assassin, the poison bowl, the bullet of the rifleman, the spear and all these weapons and methods of destruction have been up to now used by what I consider blind lovers of liberty and freedom, and the historian has not condemned him. I hold no brief for the terrorists. Mr. Ghuznavi brought in the terrorists and he brought in the Calcutta Corporation. I felt hurt when he mentioned an incident that took place at the Calcutta Corporation. He forgot to mention that the mayor of that corporation made handsome reparation for the error into which he himself was betrayed and the error into which the Calcutta Corporation was betrayed through the instrumentality of those members of the corporation who were Congressmen. I hold no brief for Congressmen who directly or indirectly would encourage terrorism. As soon as this incident was brought to the notice of the Congress the Congress set about putting it in order. It immediately called upon the Mayor of the Calcutta Corporation to give an account of what was done and the mayor, the gentleman that he is, immediately admitted his mistake and made all the reparation that it was then legally possible to make. I must not detain this assembly over this incident for any length of time. He mentioned also a

verse which the children of the forty schools conducted by the Calcutta Corporation are supposed to have recited. There were many other mis-statements in that speech which I could dwell upon, but I have no desire to do so. It is only out of regard for the great Calcutta Corporation and out of regard for truth and on behalf of those who are not here tonight to put in their defence that I mention these two glaring instances. I do not for one moment believe that this was taught in the Calcutta Corporation schools with the knowledge of the Calcutta Corporation. I do know that in those terrible days of last year several things were done for which we have regret, for which we have made reparation. If our boys in Calcutta were taught these verses which Mr. Ghuznavi has recited I am here to tender an apology on their behalf, but I should want it proved that the boys were taught by the schoolmasters of these schools with the knowledge and encouragement of the Corporation.

Charges of this nature have been brought against the Congress times without number, and times without number these charges have also been refuted, but I have mentioned these things at this juncture. It is again to show that for the sake of liberty people have fought, people have lost their lives, people have killed and have sought death at the hands of those whom they have sought to oust. The Congress then comes upon the scene and devises a new method not known to history, namely, that of civil disobedience, and the Congress has been following that method up. But again I am up against a stone-wall and I am told that that is a method that no government in the world will tolerate. Well, of course, the Governments may not tolerate, no Government has tolerated open rebellion. No Government may tolerate civil disobedience, but Governments have to succumb even to these forces, as the British Government has done before now, even as the great Dutch Government after eight years of trial had to yield to the logic of facts. General Smuts is a brave general, a great statesman, and a very hard taskmaster also, but he himself recoiled with horror from even the contemplation of doing to death

New Delhi there are many dark places where these beautiful and moving ideals are apt to be strangled, or at least they will be delayed until they have no further significance to those who have been deeply interested in them. We have had the very sad instance of a committee that sat recently in India and considered a most vital subject and, as has often been stated before us here, brought it to grief. They neglected your wise advice, Prime Minister. I really wish, although it should have been necessary, that in your statement tomorrow you would repeat that advice and put it into your formal declaration, so that there could be no excuse for the authorities to put it aside. I think you ought to make it an injunction to those whose business it is to carry on the work of this conference to nobler issues. You must make it incumbent on them to place their operations in the hands of the politicians and statesmen of India and the statesmen here, and not entrust them to the unenthusiastic, dry-as-dust hands of bureaucracy.

And, Prime Minister, when you constitute these commissions and important committees and entrust vital aspects to their charge, do as you did this year; summon Mahatma Gandhi and his associates to it; let him not in despair go back to the arid fields of non-co-operation.

Yes, Mahatma, if I may apostrophize you, forgetting for a moment the Prime Minister, your duty hereafter is with us. You have acquired an unparalleled reputation. Your influence is unequalled. Your spiritual power to command men and to raise them above themselves is acknowledged all over the world. Shall not these great gifts be harnessed to the constructive work of the nation? Have you the heart, I ask you, still to lead your people, trustful and obedient, through the valley of humiliation if it be not necessary—and I contend it is no longer necessary? The steps that we have taken so far round this table mark a distinct stage in advance. It may not be as satisfactory as you wish. It is certainly not as satisfactory as I wish. Nevertheless, it seems to me that you and I and other friends here, working together, can frame this constitution and so shape it that while deriving

the most that it can yield we can also look forward with confidence to a future when we shall be enabled to perfect it, and that at no distant date.

The thing is in our hands today. This Imperial Parliament, dominated as it may be by a Conservative majority, this Imperial Parliament in its debates tomorrow and the day after will set its *imprimatur*, I am perfectly assured, on the declaration that the Prime Minister makes tomorrow a few hours from now. Yes, and when that work is done, believe me, Mahatma, that in your hands more than those of any other single Indian lies our future progress. Remember the days when some of us here ran between Raisina and Daryaganj, bringing Lord Irwin and you together in mutual understanding and mutual co-operation. Yes, it seems to me that you cannot but have seen during these several weeks that you have worked with us, that there is some knowledge, some wisdom, some patriotism even outside the ranks of the Congress which you so much worship. We can be of some use to you. Take us in hand. Do not dismiss us as people whose ideas are still evolving and may be long in reaching the heights of Congress wisdom. Believe me that with you and your chosen associates we can fashion our Constitution to great ends, and India will have cause to be truly thankful that you changed your plans and came here. For the work of a great country like India, a growing nation like our people, lies in many directions. There is not one road to the salvation of our people, and patriotism takes many shapes and works in diverse ways according as circumstances may require. The circumstances today demand that you should change your plans, dismiss civil disobedience from your mind and take up this work in a spirit of complete trust in us and of faith in the British people, too. I want to tell you this. I have read some history, and, believe me, the British people often do wrong, the British people often take unwise courses. Nevertheless, in the long run they come back to the ways of reason, moderation and justice. This is one of the occasions when it seems to me that they are in their most winning and admirable mood. Take them now and victory is ours.



Mrs. SAROJINI NAIDU

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, President of the Congress in 1925, is one of the most outstanding women in India today. She is speaking here at the Round Table Conference, and in contributing her arguments in favour of full freedom for India, she touches on one of the great social problems in India today—the question of the depressed classes.

WANTED A BEAU GESTE

**SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE INDIAN ROUND TABLE
CONFERENCE, NOVEMBER, 30, 1931.**

Mr. Prime Minister, when I look round this table I find experts in every department of life. There are men of law, some of whom act as "experienced foremen" in building the great architectural edifice of India's constitution like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. There are men of finance like Sir Purshotamdas Thakurdas. There are soldiers who speak with no uncertain voice, like my predecessor. There are men representing Labour. There are those representing women who are neither a minority nor a special interest. There are landholders, there are champions of one interest or another, and I am beginning to wonder what place I can fill in an assembly like this. I have neither experience nor knowledge of all those expert matters that have been dealt with in the Federal Structure Committee. I do not understand the technicalities of constitution-making and therefore where all have spoken as champions of one interest or another I propose, if you will permit me, to speak only as an Indian, not as a lawyer, politician, soldier, on or off duty, or a member of the financial or princely classes, autocracies, or a member of the aristocracies that are represented here. You will permit me, Mr. Prime Minister, in view of the very grave issues before us to say something that comes from the very core of my heart.

Intellectual discussions, analyses and counter-analyses, proofs in favour of this point of view, or proofs in refutation—these are not the real issues today. My whole country is awaiting that word—penultimate or ultimate as you choose to make it—of England's attitude towards India. It has been my great privilege these many years to have lived very close to the heartbeat of my people. I know the heartbeat of their agony. I know the heartbeat of their hope. Are you going tomorrow to respond to the agony or to the hope of my people? That is the question I would like to ask you. The Lord Chancellor when he spoke at the opening of this Plenary Session after you, Mr. Prime Minister, used an image that sounds very beautiful. He talked of the Taj Mahal. He talked of its beauty, its unrivalled proportions. He talked of the labour, the patience that went to the making of that beautiful edifice.

Did he forget when he used the analogy of the Taj Mahal with its jewelled walls, its fretted domes, its marble turrets, that the Taj Mahal was built over the bones of beauty that was once alive? Did he forget it was slave labour that made those jewelled walls, and that the cementing force that keeps that edifice alive was the sweat and the agony of that slave labour, forced from day to day to build up that house of beauty? Is it the Taj Mahal that you are going to build after years and years of labour and years and years of patience, only to enshrine the dead bones of our hope—or are you going to realize that there is no time today, there is no patience today, there is no faith left today for so prolonged a piece of labour as the building of a Taj Mahal with jewelled walls?

My people are dying of hunger. My young men and young women who do me the honour of looking on me as their comrade, their friend and their leader, are dying under the sweat and anguish of slavery, gild it as you will with any beautiful word out of your English language. What is the answer you will make to those young men and women, many of whom have studied in your univer-

sities and have been nourished on the history of the liberties of the great nations of Europe, and who are only held in leash from revolution because of the pledge and promise that we, their comrades, their servants and their leaders, have made, that we shall bring back from England something, some substantial alternative to their demand for that word you dread, independence.

That is the answer I want. My work has not lain in the Federal Structure Committee except as a spectator, but almost every day during all the weeks that I have been here my work has lain outside the Federal Structure Committee. I have been addressing large groups or small groups of men and women, both friendly and hostile to India, and it seemed to me that from the point of view of knowledge there was very little to choose between the friendly and hostile sections of the English people. The same arguments, only punctuated differently, were advanced by both. Was India really ready for freedom? Were not there dreadful things called communal conflicts? Was not the rumour of riot on every wind? Was not every street more or less symbolized by bloodstains that meant hatred, conflict, tumult, turmoil, that could only be assuaged, appeased, controlled or conquered by English forces and by English authority? This in brief, this in one word, is the attitude of both those who sincerely desire India's advance and those who, with equal and patent sincerity, refuse to think of India except as a helot, except as something chained to Empire.

What is going to be your answer tomorrow, Prime Minister, to the demand of my country for freedom? I have no use for words that are used either too rigidly or too vaguely. I have no use for a phrase like "Dominion Status" for instance. What does it connote? I have been in most colonies of the Empire, and in each colony the meaning of the word "Dominion Status" is determined by its own special environment, its own special need and its own special achievement. It holds for me no particular meaning in any political dictionary so far as India is concerned. I have heard the word "Indepen-

dence" used. That also is a word either too rigid or too vague. I know small independent countries that have not known how to manage their own internal affairs; that put one king upon the throne one day and cut off his head the next day, and are yet independent; which have not enough ministers to send to the courts of the world where they would be represented, have not enough soldiers, enough law-makers, enough subjects, have not enough nobility or soldiers or anything necessary for the dignity and integrity of independent States. I am not enamoured either of the word "Independence" or of the words "Dominion Status"; but I do claim the liberty of India, with the fullest implications of what liberty must mean to every country in the world.

My illustrious leader, Mahatma Gandhi when he has completed his twenty-four hours of silence, sometime in the afternoon will no doubt reiterate in his own inimitable fashion the claim that he makes as the sole representative of the Indian National Congress. I will not seek to divide—because he will not allow me—the honour of such representation; but I, too, have been a president and a representative of the Indian National Congress and of that honour he cannot rob me, for he divides it with me. I am therefore making a claim on behalf of the nation as he does, not with the technical authority of being its representative at your councils, but with the inviolable right of having been its servant and its leader. I speak and I say this to you in England that when Lord Reading today talked of equal partnership, he talked of something that the best mind of India can appreciate, but only on its own terms.

What is this equal partnership? What is this equal partnership of which we hear so much? It can only mean a voluntary association on terms of equality, and today that equality is not there. You talk of a position equal to that of the dominions. You forget that in your dominions there are men who are your own kith and kin, of your own race, your own blood, your own culture and your own creed. They are held to you

by a silken thread, whereas the irony of historic circumstances has forged a fetter round our feet, and therefore to hold us by a manacle round your wrist. Until you break the bondage of that manacle and we break the bondage of that fetter, there can be no choice either for you or for us of that equal friendship which is the only enduring guarantee of good faith among partners who are friends.

I, in the name of the cause that I serve, make this claim for equal partnership, but I repeat it is only on terms of equality that leaves full choice to you as to whether one or other of us chooses to diverge, it shall be so. But this is no threat, it is an offer; it is an offer to you in the critical moment of your history; it is an offer made in the critical moment of our history, and such a choice does not repeat itself even though they say history repeats itself. You will say to me, as so many others have said: but how can India have this liberty? Look!—you could not solve the question of the minorities. Look!—the question of the depressed classes is a stain upon the civilization of which you boast. You will say to me: your friends, the Mohammedans, have refused to co-operate in making the last days of this conference either successful or unsuccessful. You will say to me: there is that little group of Europeans not satisfied yet with any offer that you have made. You will say: we have missionaries who made converts in your country there are Christians who do not feel secure against the majority of their own original caste. You will say many things to us. But I have always maintained that the greatness, the glory of India does consist in just these minorities, just such majorities. It is in the welding together of all these divergent things, reconciled and harmonized by my country into one integral nation, that makes the glory of India, and if we have not succeeded in solving for the moment those purely artificial questions of vulgar fractions, that arithmetic which divides a power into little factions for this community and for that community, I do not feel that it affects in any way the vital issue of liberty for my land.

Mr. Prime Minister, you today are in authority. If a few scores of politicians have not succeeded in doing arith-

metrical calculations I ask you to make a decision, but do not let our temporary failure to arrive at a settlement act in any way as an excuse, valid or not, for postponing the hour of India's liberty.

My friend Dr. Ambedkar looks at me now and then with reproachful eyes. He says : Yes, but what are you going to do about the depressed classes ? So many people not in any way connected with the depressed classes have already expressed anxiety for the depressed classes. Here and now let me tell my friend Dr. Ambedkar that I, the descendant of the proudest class of Brahmins in India, do not feel any reproach in his look. My duty has always been fulfilled in that regard, and not I only, but, I speak in the name of all when I say that the leaders of the Hindu community should be and shall be pledged, whatever happens to the constitution of India's future, to remove this blot, to expiate the sins of disinheriting our ancestors for the dehumanising of one section of our own kith and kin.

As far as it is possible for me and those who think like me it will be the first charge upon all our energies and our labours that every disability from which these tragic people suffer shall be removed and that they shall have a place in all things, social and political, equal to the highest who bear the label of the Vedic castes upon their brow. I will not stand for injustice or inequality to the poor and the depressed but I would say to Dr. Ambedkar that any one who would serve the community that he represents would merely do a dis-service to them if he would strive to isolate them away behind electoral barriers as something outcast from the assembly of those whose desire and duty it is to teach them the great lesson of self-reliance and self-respect. In all else that matters, for all political purposes, for all human purposes I will challenge any Hindu in this gathering to deny them rights that are enjoyed by men of all other communities outside the Hindu pale.

What will you do, Mr. Prime Minister, to further this question of federation ? The princes have spoken, the

greater princes have spoken. They have spoken, realizing that they are Indians first and princes afterwards. They have spoken realizing that India must be one integral whole, indivisible in her destiny. I have spoken of federation as the circumference of a circle, which has one centre, that unites all. From that centre each radius might go its own way, but all must be circumscribed by that circumference. I welcome with all my heart this idea of federation. All my life I have been a dreamer of dreams of a Federated India that shall be free, each section having its own sovereign integrity, but yet bound one to the other by some focusing point of a common purpose and a common destiny.

But when I hear that there are some people who would like to see what rights are going to be guaranteed to them, what powers will be reserved to them to continue undesirable and obsolete methods of autocracy, who say that we must wait until they have made up their minds, I say and I repeat, and I will always say and reiterate that the youth of India will not wait upon the leisure of princes. Not very long ago I said to my own ruler, the Nizam of Hyderabad, "Sir, when the people begin to walk, princes must begin to run to keep pace with them." The only security for the thrones of India lies in the hearts and the allegiance of the people. I believe that the princes around this table have understood that ultimate security lies, not on a throne of gold, but in the hearts of the people, whom they rule. Therefore, I welcome their efforts and their desire to come into a federation of a free India. But I should like to say, on behalf of the peoples of India, that we shall not be content with an alliance merely between dynasties and democracy, but that their people too shall have a voice in the councils of a free India.

I do not wish—I am not competent, for one thing—to make any criticism of the various aspects of the Federal Structure Report, but I feel that no constitution, however perfect in its technicalities, however beautifully dovetailed into each other its sections may be, merely on paper, can ever last for a single day, unless it is co-ordinated to the

immediate and urgent issues of life as they exist in India today.

Today, the problem is a problem of hunger ; today also the problem is the problem of a nation that has the shame to be defended by foreign forces ; today, it is the humiliation of a country whose youth is dying of a broken heart because the young men and the young women of the other countries where they go to study are free and make friends with them, yet all the time they realize that they are amongst the disinherited ones, the exiles of earth, in their own country, because they have not the heritage of freedom which enables them to be masters of their own policies, not in one direction only, but in all the directions and departments of life.

My appeal to you, Mr. Prime Minister, is this—Make real that ideal, that desire, that dream of a statesman who was once a viceroy, Lord Reading—equal partnership. How divergent are the ways by which men come to a common ideal ! What two human beings could be more different than the Saint of Sabarnati and the ex-Viceroy of India ; yet each of them use the same phrase—equal partnership. But are the implications alike in both minds ?

I have sometimes been accused by those who are very ignorant of dense, or unimaginative—and there are so many in this country like that, Mr. Prime Minister—of being unfriendly to England. It is impossible for me to be unfriendly to England. So much of my youth has been spent in this country, and my friendships here are very real and spread over a very great number of years, more years than my vanity will permit me to tell you. My dreams for India have their roots deep down in my heart, but my friendships and associations with England have their roots intertwined with the roots of my dreams for India. Shall it be today that there must be so great a conflict between these two loyalties, that I must be compelled to eradicate one by its roots so that the other

may live, or will you make it possible, by imagination, human understanding, sympathy, self-interest, if you will —will you make it possible for thousands of men and women like me who are patriots, but not narrow nationalists, who love their country and yet have known how to transcend all barriers of race, creed, civilization and climate, who would die so that freedom might be born for their country, but who would not, if they could help it, make another nation suffer —no, not in its pocket, nor in its pride, nor in its life— will you make it possible for people like myself to cherish such twin loyalties.

You will only do it when you rise to the full heights of your own English traditions, those traditions that inspired my childhood when from my father's lips I learned how England had always been the sanctuary of those who were exiled from their country for the sake of their dream of liberty. Do not be content with the mere technicalities, the mere texts and letters of the constitution that you would give us, but be human in your vision and try to understand that even as you cherish liberty, so do we, a modern nation, cherish the dream of liberty. Do not drive us into being narrow nationalists when some of us by temperament, tradition and every conviction in our beings are internationalists, without undue sense of race and country. Make it possible to achieve that India, that free India, which will stand side by side with you with a bond of silk and not with a fetter of iron binding us to you.

I dream a dream, not of some far distant future, but of some immediate time when this will be possible; when you make bravely, spontaneously, that *beau geste* of abdication, for that is what lies at the root of our demand. When you have abdicated nobly your claim and title, when you have by your own abnegation of many imperialistic material interests risen to the height of your own spiritual greatness, stretch your hand in fellowship and we shall not be lacking in the response that bids you "Hail, but not farewell."

SIR J. M. BARRIE

Among all the great speeches delivered by rectors of St. Andrews University on their inauguration, this address by the creator of Peter Pan still stands pre-eminent. He was talking to youth—the youth of his own race, who were about to take their places in a battle scarred world. He realised only too well how hard the path they must tread. Today his words come to us with renewed inspiration.

COURAGE

RECTORIAL ADDRESS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS MAY 3, 1922

You have had many rectors here in St. Andrews who will continue in bloom long after the lowly ones such as I am are dead and rotten and forgotten. They are the roses in December; you remember someone said that God gave us memory so that we might have roses in December. But I do not envy the great ones. In my experience—and you may find in the end it is yours also—the people I have cared for most and who have seemed most worth caring for—my December roses—have been very simple folk. Yet I wish that for this hour I could swell into someone of importance, so as to do you credit. I suppose you had a melting for me because I was hewn out of one of your own quarries, walked similar academic groves, and have trudged the road on which you will soon set forth. I would that I could put into your hands a staff for that somewhat bloody march, for though there is much about myself that I conceal from other people, to help you I would expose every cranny of my mind.

But, alas, when the hour strikes for the rector to answer to his call he is unable to become the undergraduate he used to be, and so the only door into you is

closed. We, your elders, are much more interested in you than you are in us. We are not really important to you. I have utterly forgotten the address of the rector of my time, and even who he was, but I recall vividly climbing up a statue to tie his colours round its neck and being hurled therefrom with contumely. We remember the important things. I cannot provide you with that staff for your journey; but perhaps I can tell you a little about it, how to use it and lose it and find it again, and cling to it more than ever. You shall cut it—so it is ordained—every one of you for himself, and its name is courage. You must excuse me if I talk a good deal about courage to you today. There is nothing else much worth speaking about to undergraduates or graduates or white-haired men and women. It is the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children.

My special difficulty is that though you have had literary rectors here before, they were the big guns, the historians, the philosophers; you have had none, I think, who followed my more humble branch, which may be described as playing hide and seek with angels. My puppets seem more real to me than myself, and I could get on much more swingingly if I made one of them deliver this address. It is M'Connachie who has brought me to this pass. M'Connachie, I should explain, as I have undertaken to open the innermost doors, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself: the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny; he is the fanciful half; my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearthrug among the harsh realities of the office furniture; while he prefers to fly around on one wing. I should not mind him doing that, but he drags me with him. I have sworn that M'Connachie shall not interfere with this address today; but there is no telling. I might have done things worth while if it had not been for M'Connachie, and my first piece of advice to you at any rate shall be sound: don't copy me. A good subject for a rectorial address would be the mess the rector himself has made of life. I merely

cast this forth as a suggestion, and leave the working of it out to my successor. I do not think it has been used yet.

My own theme is courage, as you should use it in the great fight that seems to me to be coming between youth and their betters; by youth, meaning, of course, you, and by your betters, us. I want you to take up this position: That youth have for too long left exclusively in our hands the decisions in national matters that are more vital to them than to us. Things about the next war, for instance, and why the last one ever had a beginning. I use the word fight because it must, I think, begin with a challenge; but the aim is the reverse of antagonism, it is partnership. I want you to hold that the time has arrived for youth to demand that partnership, and to demand it courageously. That to gain courage is what you come to St. Andrews for. With some alarums and excursions into college life. That is what I propose, but, of course, the issue lies with M'Connachie.

Your betters had no share in the immediate cause of the war; we know what nation has that blot to wipe out; but for fifty years or so we heeded not the rumblings of the distant drum, I do not mean by lack of military preparations; and when war did come we told youth, who had to get us out of it, tall tales of what it really is and of the clover beds to which it leads. We were not meaning to deceive, most of us were as honourable and as ignorant as the youth themselves; but that does not acquit us of failings such as stupidity and jealousy, the two black spots in human nature which, more than love of money, are at the root of all evil. If you prefer to leave things as they are we shall probably fail you again. Do not be too sure that we have learned our lesson, and are not at this very moment doddering down some brimstone path.

I am far from implying that even worse than war may not come to a state. There are circumstances in which nothing can so well become a land, as I think this land proved when the late war did break out and there was but one thing to do. There is a form of anæmia that

is more rotting than even an unjust war. The end will indeed have come to our courage and to us when we are afraid in dire mischance to refer the final appeal to the arbitrament of arms. I suppose all the lusty of our race, alive and dead, join hands on that.

And he is dead who will not fight ;
And who dies fighting has increase.

But if you must be in the struggle, the more reason you should know why, before it begins, and have a say in the decision whether it is to begin. To youth who went to the war had no such knowledge, no such say ; I am sure the survivors, of whom there must be a number here today, want you to be wiser than they were, and are certainly determined to be wiser next time themselves. If you are to get that partnership, which once gained, is to be for mutual benefit, it will be, I should say, by banding yourselves with the men, not definitely but firmly, not for selfish ends but for your country's good. In the meantime they have one bulwark ; they have a general who is befriending them as I think never, after the fighting was over, has a general befriended his men before. Perhaps the seemly thing would be for us, their betters, to elect one of these young survivors of the carnage to be our rector. He ought now to know a few things about war that are worth our hearing. If his theme were the rector's favourite, diligence, I should be afraid of his advising a great many of us to be diligent in sitting still and doing no more harm.

Of course he would put it more suavely than that, though it is not, I think, by gentleness that you will get your rights ; we are dogged ones at sticking to what we have got, and so will you be at our age. But avoid calling us ugly names ; we may be stubborn and we may be blunderers, but we love you more than aught else in the world, and once you have won your partnership we shall all be welcoming you. I urge you not to use ugly names about any one. In the war it was not the fighting men who were distinguished for abuse ; as has been well said, "Hell hath no fury like a non-combatant." Never ascribe to

an opponent motives meaner than your own. There may be students here today who have decided this session to go in for immortality, and would like to know of an easy way of accomplishing it. That is a way, but not so easy as you think. Go through life without ever ascribing to your opponents motives meaner than your own. Nothing so lowers the moral currency ; give it up, and be great.

Another sure way to fame is to know what you mean. It is a solemn thought that almost no one—if he is truly eminent—knows what he means. Look at the great ones of the earth, the politicians. We do not discuss what they say, but what they may have meant when they said it. In 1922 we are all wondering, and so are they, what they meant in 1914 and afterwards. They are publishing books trying to find out ; the men of action as well as the men of words. There are exceptions. It is not that our statesmen are ‘sugared mouths with minds therefrae’ ; many of them are the best men we have got, upright and anxious, nothing cheaper than to miscall them. The explanation seems just to be that it is so difficult to know what you mean, especially when you have become a swell. No longer apparently can you deal in ‘russet yeas and honest ker-sey noes’ ; gone for ever is simplicity, which is as beautiful as the divine plain face of Lamb’s Miss Kelly. Doubts breed suspicions, a dangerous air. Without suspicion there might have been no war. When you are called to Downing Street to discuss what you want of your betters with the Prime Minister he won’t be suspicious, not as far as you can see ; but remember the atmosphere of generations you are in, and when he passes you the toast-rack say to yourselves, if you would be in the mode : “Now, I wonder what he meant by that ?”

Even without striking out in the way I suggest, you are already disturbing your betters considerably. I sometimes talk this over with M’Connachie, with whom, as you may guess, circumstances compel me to pass a good deal of my time. In our talks we agree that we, your betters, constantly find you forgetting that we are your betters. Your answer is that the war and other happenings have

New Delhi there are many dark places where these beautiful and moving ideals are apt to be strangled, or at least they will be delayed until they have no further significance to those who have been deeply interested in them. We have had the very sad instance of a committee that sat recently in India and considered a most vital subject and, as has often been stated before us here, brought it to grief. They neglected your wise advice, Prime Minister. I really wish, although it should have been necessary, that in your statement tomorrow you would repeat that advice and put it into your formal declaration, so that there could be no excuse for the authorities to put it aside. I think you ought to make it an injunction to those whose business it is to carry on the work of this conference to nobler issues. You must make it incumbent on them to place their operations in the hands of the politicians and statesmen of India and the statesmen here, and not entrust them to the unenthusiastic, dry-as-dust hands of bureaucracy.

And, Prime Minister, when you constitute these commissions and important committees and entrust vital aspects to their charge, do as you did this year; summon Mahatma Gandhi and his associates to it; let him not in despair go back to the arid fields of non-co-operation.

Yes, Mahatma, if I may apostrophize you, forgetting for a moment the Prime Minister, your duty hereafter is with us. You have acquired an unparalleled reputation. Your influence is unequalled. Your spiritual power to command men and to raise them above themselves is acknowledged all over the world. Shall not these great gifts be harnessed to the constructive work of the nation? Have you the heart, I ask you, still to lead your people, trustful and obedient, through the valley of humiliation if it be not necessary—and I contend it is no longer necessary? The steps that we have taken so far round this table mark a distinct stage in advance. It may not be as satisfactory as you wish. It is certainly not as satisfactory as I wish. Nevertheless, it seems to me that you and I and other friends here, working together, can frame this constitution and so shape it that while deriving

the most that it can yield we can also look forward with confidence to a future when we shall be enabled to perfect it, and that at no distant date.

The thing is in our hands today. This Imperial Parliament, dominated as it may be by a Conservative majority, this Imperial Parliament in its debates tomorrow and the day after will set its *imprimatur*, I am perfectly assured, on the declaration that the Prime Minister makes to-morrow a few hours from now. Yes, and when that work is done, believe me, Mahatma, that in your hands more than those of any other single Indian lies our future progress. Remember the days when some of us here ran between Raisina and Daryaganj, bringing Lord Irwin and you together in mutual understanding and mutual co-operation. Yes, it seems to me that you cannot but have seen during these several weeks that you have worked with us, that there is some knowledge, some wisdom, some patriotism even outside the ranks of the Congress which you so much worship. We can be of some use to you. Take us in hand. Do not dismiss us as people whose ideas are still evolving and may be long in reaching the heights of Congress wisdom. Believe me that with you and your chosen associates we can fashion our Constitution to great ends, and India will have cause to be truly thankful that you changed your plans and came here. For the work of a great country like India, a growing nation like our people, lies in many directions. There is not one road to the salvation of our people, and patriotism takes many shapes and works in diverse ways according as circumstances may require. The circumstances today demand that you should change your plans, dismiss civil disobedience from your mind and take up this work in a spirit of complete trust in us and of faith in the British people, too. I want to tell you this. I have read some history, and, believe me, the British people often do wrong, the British people often take unwise courses. Nevertheless, in the long run they come back to the ways of reason, moderation and justice. This is one of the occasions when it seems to me that they are in their most winning and admirable mood. Take them now and victory is ours.



Mrs. SAROJINI NAIDU

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, President of the Congress in 1925, is one of the most outstanding women in India today. She is speaking here at the Round Table Conference, and in contributing her arguments in favour of full freedom for India, she touches on one of the great social problems in India today—the question of the depressed classes.

WANTED A BEAU GESTE

**SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE INDIAN ROUND TABLE
CONFERENCE, NOVEMBER, 30, 1931.**

Mr. Prime Minister, when I look round this table I find experts in every department of life. There are men of law, some of whom act as "experienced foremen" in building the great architectural edifice of India's constitution like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. There are men of finance like Sir Purshotamdas Thakurdas. There are soldiers who speak with no uncertain voice, like my predecessor. There are men representing Labour. There are those representing women who are neither a minority nor a special interest. There are landholders, there are champions of one interest or another, and I am beginning to wonder what place I can fill in an assembly like this. I have neither experience nor knowledge of all those expert matters that have been dealt with in the Federal Structure Committee. I do not understand the technicalities of constitution-making and therefore where all have spoken as champions of one interest or another I propose, if you will permit me, to speak only as an Indian, not as a lawyer, politician, soldier, on or off duty, or a member of the financial or princely classes, autocracies, or a member of the aristocracies that are represented here. You will permit me, Mr. Prime Minister, in view of the very grave issues before us to say something that comes from the very core of my heart.

Intellectual discussions, analyses and counter-analyses, proofs in favour of this point of view, or proofs in refutation—these are not the real issues today. My whole country is awaiting that word—penultimate or ultimate as you choose to make it—of Eng'and's attitude towards India. It has been my great privilege these many years to have lived very close to the heartbeat of my people. I know the heartbeat of their agony. I know the heartbeat of their hope. Are you going tomorrow to respond to the agony or to the hope of my people? That is the question I would like to ask you. The Lord Chancellor when he spoke at the opening of this Plenary Session after you, Mr. Prime Minister, used an image that sounds very beautiful. He talked of the Taj Mahal. He talked of its beauty, its unrivalled proportions. He talked of the labour, the patience that went to the making of that beautiful edifice.

Did he forget when he used the analogy of the Taj Mahal with its jewelled walls, its fretted domes, its marble turrets, that the Taj Mahal was built over the bones of beauty that was once alive? Did he forget it was slave labour that made those jewelled walls, and that the cementing force that keeps that edifice alive was the sweat and the agony of that slave labour, forced from day to day to build up that house of beauty? Is it the Taj Mahal that you are going to build after years and years of labour and years and years of patience, only to enshrine the dead bones of our hope—or are you going to realize that there is no time today, there is no patience today, there is no faith left today for so prolonged a piece of labour as the building of a Taj Mahal with jewelled walls?

My people are dying of hunger. My young men and young women who do me the honour of looking on me as their comrade, their friend and their leader, are dying under the sweat and anguish of slavery, gild it as you will with any beautiful word out of your English language. What is the answer you will make to those young men and women, many of whom have studied in your univer-

sities and have been nourished on the history of the liberties of the great nations of Europe, and who are only held in leash from revolution because of the pledge and promise that we, their comrades, their servants and their leaders, have made, that we shall bring back from England something, some substantial alternative to their demand for that word you dread, independence.

That is the answer I want. My work has not lain in the Federal Structure Committee except as a spectator, but almost every day during all the weeks that I have been here my work has lain outside the Federal Structure Committee. I have been addressing large groups or small groups of men and women, both friendly and hostile to India, and it seemed to me that from the point of view of knowledge there was very little to choose between the friendly and hostile sections of the English people. The same arguments, only punctuated differently, were advanced by both. Was India really ready for freedom? Were not there dreadful things called communal conflicts? Was not the rumour of riot on every wind? Was not every street more or less symbolized by bloodstains that meant hatred, conflict, tumult, turmoil, that could only be assuaged, appeased, controlled or conquered by English forces and by English authority? This in brief, this in one word, is the attitude of both those who sincerely desire India's advance and those who, with equal and patent sincerity, refuse to think of India except as a helot, except as something chained to Empire.

What is going to be your answer tomorrow, Prime Minister, to the demand of my country for freedom? I have no use for words that are used either too rigidly or too vaguely. I have no use for a phrase like "Dominion Status" for instance. What does it connote? I have been in most colonies of the Empire, and in each colony the meaning of the word "Dominion Status" is determined by its own special environment, its own special need and its own special achievement. It holds for me no particular meaning in any political dictionary so far as India is concerned. I have heard the word "Indepen-

dence" used. That also is a word either too rigid or too vague. I know small independent countries that have not known how to manage their own internal affairs; that put one king upon the throne one day and cut off his head the next day, and are yet independent; which have not enough ministers to send to the courts of the world where they would be represented, have not enough soldiers, enough law-makers, enough subjects, have not enough nobility or soldiers or anything necessary for the dignity and integrity of independent States. I am not enamoured either of the word "Independence" or of the words "Dominion Status"; but I do claim the liberty of India, with the fullest implications of what liberty must mean to every country in the world.

My illustrious leader, Mahatma Gandhi when he has completed his twenty-four hours of silence, sometime in the afternoon will no doubt reiterate in his own inimitable fashion the claim that he makes as the sole representative of the Indian National Congress. I will not seek to divide — because he will not allow me — the honour of such representation; but I, too, have been a president and a representative of the Indian National Congress and of that honour he cannot rob me, for he divides it with me. I am therefore making a claim on behalf of the nation as he does, not with the technical authority of being its representative at your councils, but with the inviolable right of having been its servant and its leader. I speak and I say this to you in England that when Lord Reading today talked of equal partnership, he talked of something that the best mind of India can appreciate, but only on its own terms.

What is this equal partnership? What is this equal partnership of which we hear so much? It can only mean a voluntary association on terms of equality, and to-day that equality is not there. You talk of a position equal to that of the dominions. You forget that in your dominions there are men who are your own kith and kin, of your own race, your own blood, your own culture and your own creed. They are held to you

by a silken thread, whereas the irony of historic circumstances has forged a fetter round our feet, and therefore to hold us by a manacle round your wrist. Until you break the bondage of that manacle and we break the bondage of that fetter, there can be no choice either for you or for us of that equal friendship which is the only enduring guarantee of good faith among partners who are friends.

I, in the name of the cause that I serve, make this claim for equal partnership, but I repeat it is only on terms of equality that leaves full choice to you as to whether one or other of us chooses to diverge, it shall be so. But this is no threat, it is an offer; it is an offer to you in the critical moment of your history; it is an offer made in the critical moment of our history, and such a choice does not repeat it-elf even though they say history repeats itself. You will say to me, as so many others have said: but how can India have this liberty? Look! —you could not solve the question of the minorities. Look! —the question of the depressed classes is a stain upon the civilization of which you boast. You will say to me: your friends, the Mohammedans, have refused to co-operate in making the last days of this conference either successful or unsuccessful. You will say to me: there is that little group of Europeans not satisfied yet with any offer that you have made. You will say: we have missionaries who made converts in your country —there are Christians who do not feel secure against the majority of their own original caste. You will say many things to us. But I have always maintained that the greatness, the glory of India does consist in just these minorities, just such majorities. It is in the welding together of all these divergent things, reconciled and harmonized by my country into one integral nation, that makes the glory of India; and if we have not succeeded in solving for the moment those purely artificial questions of vulgar fractions, that arithmetic which divides a power into little factions for this community and for that community, I do not feel that it affects in any way the vital issue of liberty for my land.

... Mr. Prime Minister, you today are in authority. If a few scores of politicians have not succeeded in doing arith-

metical calculations I ask you to make a decision, but do not let our temporary failure to arrive at a settlement act in any way as an excuse, valid or not, for postponing the hour of India's liberty.

My friend Dr. Ambedkar looks at me now and then with reproachful eyes. He says : Yes, but what are you going to do about the depressed classes ? So many people not in any way connected with the depressed classes have already expressed anxiety for the depressed classes. Here and now let me tell my friend Dr. Ambedkar that I, the descendant of the proudest class of Brahmins in India, do not feel any reproach in his look. My duty has always been fulfilled in that regard, and not I only, but, I speak in the name of all when I say that the leaders of the Hindu community should be and shall be pledged, whatever happens to the constitution of India's future, to remove this blot, to expiate the sins of disinheriting our ancestors for the dehumanising of one section of our own kith and kin.

As far as it is possible for me and those who think like me it will be the first charge upon all our energies and our labours that every disability from which these tragic people suffer shall be removed and that they shall have a place in all things, social and political, equal to the highest who bear the label of the Vedic castes upon their brow. I will not stand for injustice or inequality to the poor and the depressed but I would say to Dr. Ambedkar that any one who would serve the community that he represents would merely do a dis-service to them if he would strive to isolate them away behind electoral barriers as something outcast from the assembly of those whose desire and duty it is to teach them the great lesson of self-reliance and self-respect. In all else that matters, for all political purposes, for all human purposes I will challenge any Hindu in this gathering to deny them rights that are enjoyed by men of all other communities outside the Hindu pale.

What will you do, Mr. Prime Minister, to further this question of federation ? The princes have spoken, the

greater princes have spoken. They have spoken, realizing that they are Indians first and princes afterwards. They have spoken realizing that India must be one integral whole, indivisible in her destiny. I have spoken of federation as the circumference of a circle, which has one centre, that unites all. From that centre each radius might go its own way, but all must be circumscribed by that circumference. I welcome with all my heart this idea of federation. All my life I have been a dreamer of dreams of a Federated India that shall be free, each section having its own sovereign integrity, but yet bound one to the other by some focusing point of a common purpose and a common destiny.

But when I hear that there are some people who would like to see what rights are going to be guaranteed to them, what powers will be reserved to them to continue undesirable and obsolete methods of autocracy, who say that we must wait until they have made up their minds, I say and I repeat, and I will always say and reiterate that the youth of India will not wait upon the leisure of princes. Not very long ago I said to my own ruler, the Nizam of Hyderabad, "Sir, when the people begin to walk, princes must begin to run to keep pace with them." The only security for the thrones of India lies in the hearts and the allegiance of the people. I believe that the princes around this table have understood that ultimate security lies, not on a throne of gold, but in the hearts of the people, whom they rule. Therefore, I welcome their efforts and their desire to come into a federation of a free India. But I should like to say, on behalf of the peoples of India, that we shall not be content with an alliance merely between dynasties and democracy, but that their people too shall have a voice in the councils of a free India.

I do not wish—I am not competent, for one thing—to make any criticism of the various aspects of the Federal Structure Report, but I feel that no constitution, however perfect in its technicalities, however beautifully dovetailed into each other its sections may be, merely on paper, can ever last for a single day, unless it is co-ordinated to the

immediate and urgent issues of life as they exist in India today.

Today, the problem is a problem of hunger ; today also the problem is the problem of a nation that has the shame to be defended by foreign forces ; today, it is the humiliation of a country whose youth is dying of a broken heart because the young men and the young women of the other countries where they go to study are free and make friends with them, yet all the time they realize that they are amongst the disinherited ones, the exiles of earth, in their own country, because they have not the heritage of freedom which enables them to be masters of their own policies, not in one direction only, but in all the directions and departments of life.

My appeal to you, Mr. Prime Minister, is this. Make real that ideal, that desire, that dream of a statesman who was once a viceroy, Lord Reading—equal partnership. How divergent are the ways by which men come to a common ideal ! What two human beings could be more different than the Saint of Sabarmati and the ex-Viceroy of India, yet each of them use the same phrase—equal partnership. But are the implications alike in both minds ?

I have sometimes been accused by those who are very ignorant of dense, or unimaginative—and there are so many in this country like that, Mr. Prime Minister—of being unfriendly to England. It is impossible for me to be unfriendly to England. So much of my youth has been spent in this country, and my friendships here are very real and spread over a very great number of years, more years than my vanity will permit me to tell you. My dreams for India have their roots deep down in my heart, but my friendships and associations with England have their roots intertwined with the roots of my dreams for India. Shall it be today that there must be so great a conflict between these two loyalties, that I must be compelled to eradicate one by its roots so that the other

may live, or will you make it possible, by imagination, human understanding, sympathy, self-interest, if you will—will you make it possible for thousands of men and women like me who are patriots, but not narrow nationalists, who love their country and yet have known how to transcend all barriers of race, creed, civilization and climate, who would die so that freedom might be born for their country, but who would not, if they could help it, make another nation suffer—no, not in its pocket, nor in its pride, nor in its life—will you make it possible for people like myself to cherish such twin loyalties.

You will only do it when you rise to the full heights of your own English traditions, those traditions that inspired my childhood when from my father's lips I learned how England had always been the sanctuary of those who were exiled from their country for the sake of their dream of liberty. Do not be content with the mere technicalities, the mere texts and letters of the constitution that you would give us, but be human in your vision and try to understand that even as you cherish liberty, so do we, a modern nation, cherish the dream of liberty. Do not drive us into being narrow nationalists when some of us by temperament, tradition and every conviction in our beings are internationalists, without undue sense of race and country. Make it possible to achieve that India, that free India, which will stand side by side with you with a bond of silk and not with a fetter of iron binding us to you.

I dream a dream, not of some far distant future, but of some immediate time when this will be possible; when you make bravely, spontaneously, that *beau geste* of abdication, for that is what lies at the root of our demand. When you have abdicated nobly your claim and title, when you have by your own abnegation of many imperialistic material interests risen to the height of your own spiritual greatness, stretch your hand in fellowship and we shall not be lacking in the response that bids you "Hail, but not farewell."

SIR J. M. BARRIE

Among all the great speeches delivered by rectors of St. Andrews University on their inauguration, this address by the creator of Peter Pan still stands pre-eminent. He was talking to youth—the youth of his own race, who were about to take their places in a battle scarred world. He realized only too well how hard the path they must tread. Today his words come to us with renewed inspiration.

COURAGE

RECTORIAL ADDRESS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF
ST. ANDREWS MAY 3, 1922

You have had many rectors here in St. Andrews who will continue in bloom long after the lowly ones such as I am are dead and rotten and forgotten. They are the roses in December ; you remember someone said that God gave us memory so that we might have roses in December. But I do not envy the great ones. In my experience—and you may find in the end it is yours also—the people I have cared for most and who have seemed most worth caring for—my December roses—have been very simple folk. Yet I wish that for this hour I could swell into someone of importance, so as to do you credit. I suppose you had a melting for me because I was hewn out of one of your own quarries, walked similar academic groves, and have trudged the road on which you will soon set forth. I would that I could put into your hands a staff for that somewhat bloody march, for though there is much about myself that I conceal from other people, to help you I would expose every cranny of my mind.

But, alas, when the hour strikes for the rector to answer to his call he is unable to become the undergraduate he used to be, and so the only door into you is

closed. We, your elders, are much more interested in you than you are in us. We are not really important to you. I have utterly forgotten the address of the rector of my time, and even who he was, but I recall vividly climbing up a statue to tie his colours round its neck and being hurled therefrom with contumely. We remember the important things. I cannot provide you with that staff for your journey; but perhaps I can tell you a little about it, how to use it and lose it and find it again, and cling to it more than ever. You shall cut it—so it is ordained—every one of you for himself, and its name is courage. You must excuse me if I talk a good deal about courage to you today. There is nothing else much worth speaking about to undergraduates or graduates or white-haired men and women. It is the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children.

My special difficulty is that though you have had literary rectors here before, they were the big guns, the historians, the philosophers; you have had none, I think, who followed my more humble branch, which may be described as playing hide and seek with angels. My puppets seem more real to me than myself, and I could get on much more swingingly if I made one of them deliver this address. It is M'Connachie who has brought me to this pass. M'Connachie, I should explain, as I have undertaken to open the innermost doors, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself: the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny, he is the fanciful half; my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearthrug among the harsh realities of the office furniture; while he prefers to fly around on one wing. I should not mind him doing that, but he drags me with him. I have sworn that M'Connachie shall not interfere with this address today; but there is no telling. I might have done things worth while if it had not been for M'Connachie, and my first piece of advice to you at any rate shall be sound: don't copy me. A good subject for a rectorial address would be the mess the rector himself has made of life. I merely

cast this forth as a suggestion, and leave the working of it out to my successor. I do not think it has been used yet.

My own theme is courage, as you should use it in the great fight that seems to me to be coming between youth and their betters; by youth, meaning, of course, you, and by your betters, us. I want you to take up this position: That youth have for too long left exclusively in our hands the decisions in national matters that are more vital to them than to us. Things about the next war, for instance, and why the last one ever had a beginning. I use the word fight because it must, I think, begin with a challenge; but the aim is the reverse of antagonism, it is partnership. I want you to hold that the time has arrived for youth to demand that partnership, and to demand it courageously. That to gain courage is what you come to St. Andrews for. With some alarms and excursions into college life. That is what I propose, but, of course, the issue lies with M'Connachie.

Your betters had no share in the immediate cause of the war; we know what nation has that blot to wipe out; but for fifty years or so we heeded not the rumblings of the distant drum, I do not mean by lack of military preparations; and when war did come we told youth, who had to get us out of it, tall tales of what it really is and of the clover beds to which it leads. We were not meaning to deceive, most of us were as honourable and as ignorant as the youth themselves; but that does not acquit us of failings such as stupidity and jealousy, the two black spots in human nature which, more than love of money, are at the root of all evil. If you prefer to leave things as they are we shall probably fail you again. Do not be too sure that we have learned our lesson, and are not at this very moment doddering down some brimstone path.

I am far from implying that even worse than war may not come to a state. There are circumstances in which nothing can so well become a land, as I think this land proved when the late war did break out and there was but one thing to do. There is a form of anæmia that

is more rotting than even an unjust war. The end will indeed have come to our courage and to us when we are afraid in dire mischance to refer the final appeal to the arbitrament of arms. I suppose all the lusty of our race, alive and dead, join hands on that.

And he is dead who will not fight,
And who dies fighting has increase.

But if you must be in the struggle, the more reason you should know why, before it begins, and have a say in the decision whether it is to begin. To youth who went to the war had no such knowledge, no such say: I am sure the survivors, of whom there must be a number here today, want you to be wiser than they were, and are certainly determined to be wiser next time themselves. If you are to get that partnership, which once gained, is to be for mutual benefit, it will be, I should say, by banding yourselves with these men, not defiantly but firmly, not for selfish ends but for your country's good. In the meantime they have one bulwark; they have a general who is befriending them as I think never, after the fighting was over, has a general befriended his men before. Perhaps the seemly thing would be for us, their betters, to elect one of these young survivors of the carnage to be our rector. He ought now to know a few things about war that are worth our hearing. If his theme were the rector's favourite, diligence, I should be afraid of his advising a great many of us to be diligent in sitting still and doing no more harm.

Of course he would put it more suavely than that, though it is not, I think, by gentleness that you will get your rights; we are dogged ones at sticking to what we have got, and so will you be at our age. But avoid calling us ugly names; we may be stubborn and we may be blunderers, but we love you more than aught else in the world, and once you have won your partnership we shall all be welcoming you. I urge you not to use ugly names about any one. In the war it was not the fighting men who were distinguished for abuse; as has been well said, "Hell hath no fury like a non-combatant." Never ascribe to

an opponent motives meaner than your own. There may be students here today who have decided this session to go in for immortality, and would like to know of an easy way of accomplishing it. That is a way, but not so easy as you think. Go through life without ever ascribing to your opponents motives meaner than your own. Nothing so lowers the moral currency ; give it up, and be great.

Another sure way to fame is to know what you mean. It is a solemn thought that almost no one—if he is truly eminent—knows what he means. Look at the great ones of the earth, the politicians. We do not discuss what they say, but what they may have meant when they said it. In 1922 we are all wondering, and so are they, what they meant in 1914 and afterwards. They are publishing books trying to find out ; the men of action as well as the men of words. There are exceptions. It is not that our statesmen are ‘sugared mouths with minds therefrae’ ; many of them are the best men we have got, upright and anxious, nothing cheaper than to miscall them. The explanation seems just to be that it is so difficult to know what you mean, especially when you have become a swell. No longer apparently can you deal in ‘russet yeas and honest kersey noes’ ; gone for ever is simplicity, which is as beautiful as the divine plain face of Lamb’s Miss Kelly. Doubts breed suspicions, a dangerous air. Without suspicion there might have been no war. When you are called to Downing Street to discuss what you want of your betters with the Prime Minister he won’t be suspicious, not as far as you can see ; but remember the atmosphere of generations you are in, and when he passes you the toast-rack say to yourselves, if you would be in the mode : “Now, I wonder what he meant by that ?”

Even without striking out in the way I suggest, you are already disturbing your betters considerably. I sometimes talk this over with M’Connachie, with whom, as you may guess, circumstances compel me to pass a good deal of my time. In our talks we agree that we, your betters, constantly find you forgetting that we are your betters. Your answer is that the war and other happenings have

shown you that age is not necessarily another name for sapience; that our avoidance of frankness in life and in the arts is often, but not so often as you think, a cowardly way of shirking unpalatable truths, and that you have taken us off our pedestals because we look more natural on the ground. You who are at the rash age even accuse your elders, sometimes not without justification, of being more rash than yourselves. "If youth but only knew," we used to teach you to sing; but now, just because youth has been to the war, it wants to change the next line into "if age had only to do."

In so far as this attitude of yours is merely passive, sullen, negative, as it mainly is, despairing of our capacity and anticipating a future of gloom, it is no game for man or woman. It is certainly the opposite of that for which I plead. Do not stand aloof, despising, disbelieving, but come in and help—insist on coming in and helping. After all, we have shown a good deal of courage; and your part is to add a greater courage to it. There are glorious years lying ahead of you if you choose to make them glorious. God's in His heaven still. So forward, brave hearts. To what adventures I cannot tell, but I know that your God is watching to see whether you are adventurous. I know that the great partnership is only a first step, but I do not know what are to be the next and the next. The partnership is but a tool; what are you to do with it? Very little, I warn you, if you are merely thinking of yourselves; much if what is at the marrow of your thoughts is a future that even you can scarcely hope to see.

Learn as a beginning how world-shaking situations arise and how they may be countered. Doubt all your betters who would deny you that right of partnership. Begin by doubting all such in high places—except, of course, your professors. But doubt all other professors—yet not conceitedly, as some do, with their noses in the air; avoid all such physical risks. If it necessitates your pushing some of us out of our places, still push; you will find it needs some shoving. But the things courage can do! The things that even incompetence can do if it works

with singleness of purpose. The war has done at least one big thing: it has taken spring out of the year. And, this accomplished, our leading people are amazed to find that the other seasons are not conducting themselves as usual. The spring of the year lies buried in the fields of France and elsewhere. By the time the next eruption comes it may be you who are responsible for it and your sons who are in the lava. All, perhaps, because this year you let things slide.

We are a nice and kindly people, but it is already evident that we are stealing back into the old grooves, seeking cushions for our old bones, rather than attempting to build up a fairer future. That is what we mean when we say that the country is settling down. Make haste, or you will become like us, with only the thing we proudly call experience to add to your stock, a poor exchange for the generous feelings that time will take away. We have no intention of giving you your share. Look around and see how much share youth has now that the war is over. You got a handsome share while it lasted.

I expect we shall beat you; unless your fortitude be doubly girded by a desire to send a message of cheer to your brothers who fell, the only message, I believe, for which they crave; they are not worrying about their Aunt Jane. They want to know if you have learned wisely from what befell them; if you have, they will be braced in the feeling that they did not die in vain. Some of them think they did. They will not take our word for it that they did not. You are their living image; they know you could not lie to them, but they distrust our flattery and our cunning faces. To us they have passed away; but are you who stepped into their heritage only yesterday, whose books are scarcely cold to their hands, you who still hear their cries being blown across the links—are you already relegating them to the shades? The gaps they have left in this university are among the most honourable of her wounds. But we are not here to acclaim them. Where they are now, here is, I think, a very little word. ~~They call to you to find out in time the truth~~

about this great game, which your elders play for stakes and youth plays for its life.

I do not know whether you are grown a little tired of that word hero, but I am sure the heroes are. That is the subject of one of our unfinished plays; M'Connachie is the one who writes the plays. If any one of you here proposes to be a playwright you can take this for your own and finish it. The scene is a school, schoolmasters present, but if you like you could make it a university, professors present. They are discussing an illuminated scroll about a student fallen in the war, which they have kindly presented to his parents; and unexpectedly the parents enter. They are an old pair, backbent, they have been stalwarts in their day but have now gone small; they are poor, but not so poor that they could not send their boy to college. They are in black, not such a rusty black either, and you may be sure she is the one who knows what to do with his hat. Their faces are gnarled, I suppose—but I do not need to describe that pair to Scottish students. They have come to thank the senatus for their lovely scroll and to ask them to tear it up. At first they had been enamoured to read of what a scholar their son was, how noble and adored by all. But soon a fog settled over them, for this grand person was not the boy they knew. He had many a fault well known to them; he was not always so noble; as a scholar he did no more than scrape through; and he sometimes made his father rage and his mother grieve. They had liked to talk such memories as these together, and smile over them, as if they were bits of him he had left lying about the house. So thank you kindly, and would you please give them back their boy by tearing up the scroll? I see nothing else for our dramatist to do. I think he should ask an alumna of St. Andrews to play the old lady (indicating Miss Ellen Terry). The loveliest of all young actresses, the dearest of all old ones; it seems only yesterday that all the men of imagination proposed to their beloved in some such frenzied words as these: "As I can't get Miss Terry, may I have you?"

This play might become historical as the opening of your propaganda in the proposed campaign. How to

make a practical advance? The League of Nations is a very fine thing, but it cannot save you, because it will be run by us. Beware your betters bringing presents. What is wanted is something run by yourselves. You have more in common with the youth of other lands than youth and age can ever have with each other; even the hostile countries sent out many a son very like ours, from the same sort of homes, the same sort of universities, who had as little to do as our youth had with the origin of the great adventure. Can we doubt that many of these on both sides who have gone over and were once opponents are now friends? You ought to have a League of Youth of all countries as your beginning, ready to say to all governments: "We will fight each other but only when we are sure of the necessity." Are you equal to your job, you young men? If not, I call upon the red-gowned women to lead the way. I sound to myself as if I were advocating a rebellion, though I am really asking for a larger friendship. Perhaps I may be arrested on leaving the hall. In such a cause I should think that I had at last proved myself worthy to be your rector.

You will have to work harder than ever, but possibly not so much at the same things; more at modern languages certainly if you are to discuss that League of Youth with the students of other nations when they come over to St. Andrews for the conference. I am far from taking a side against the classics. I should as soon argue against your having tops to your heads; that way lie the best tops. Science, too, has at last come to its own in St. Andrews. It is the surest means of teaching you how to know what you mean when you say. So you will have to work harder. Isaak Walton quotes the saying that doubtless the Almighty could have created a finer fruit than the strawberry, but that doubtless also He never did. Doubtless also He could have provided us with better fun than hard work, but I don't know what it is. To be born poor is probably the next best thing. The greatest glory that has ever come to me was to be swallowed up in London, not knowing a soul, with no means of subsistence, and the fun of working till the stars went out. To have

known any one would have spoilt it. I did not even quite know the language. I rang for my boots, and they thought I said a glass of water, so I drank the water and worked on. There was no food in the cupboard, so I did not need to waste time in eating. The pangs and agonies when no proof came. How courteously tolerant was I of the postman without a proof for us; how M'Connachie, on the other hand, wanted to punch his head. The magic days when our article appeared in an evening paper. The promptitude with which I counted the lines to see how much we should get for it. Then M'Connachie's superb air of dropping it into the gutter. Oh, to be a free lance of journalism again—that darling jade! Those were days. Too good to last. Let us be grave. Here comes a rector.

But now, on reflection, a dreadful sinking assails me, that this was not really work. The artistic callings—you remember how Stevenson thumped them—are merely doing what you are clamorous to be at; it is not real work unless you would rather be doing something else. My so-called labours were just M'Connachie running away with me again. Still, I have sometimes worked; for instance, I feel that I am working at this moment. And the big guns are in the same plight as the little ones. Carlyle, the king of all rectors, has always been accepted as the arch-apostle of toil, and has registered his many woes. But it will not do. Despite sickness, poortith, want and all, he was grinding all his life at the one job he revelled in. An extraordinarily happy man, though there is no direct proof that he thought so.

There must be many men in other callings besides the arts lauded as hard workers who are merely out for enjoyment. Our chancellor? (indicating Lord Haig). If our chancellor had always a passion to be a soldier, we must reconsider him as a worker. Even our principal? How about the light that burns in our principal's room after decent people have gone to bed? If we could climb up and look in—I should like to do something of that kind for the last time—should we find him engaged in honest toil, or guiltily engrossed in chemistry?

You will all fall into one of those two callings, the joyous or the uncongenial; and one wishes you into the first, though our sympathy, our esteem, must go rather to the less fortunate, the braver ones who "turn their necessity to glorious gain" after they have put away their dreams. To the others will go the easy prizes of life—success, which has become a somewhat odious onion nowadays, chiefly because we so often give the name to the wrong thing. When you reach the evening of your days you will, I think, see—with, I hope, becoming cheerfulness—that we are all failures, at least all the best of us. The greatest Scotsman that ever lived wrote himself down a failure:—

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame.
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name.

Perhaps the saddest lines in poetry, written by a man who could make things new for the gods themselves.

If you want to avoid being like Burns there are several possible ways. Thus you might copy us, as we shine forth in our published memoirs, practically without a flaw. No one so obscure nowadays but that he can have a book about him. Happy the land that can produce such subjects for the pen.

But do not put your photograph at all ages into your autobiography. That may bring you to the ground. "My life; and what I have done with it"; that is the sort of title, but it is the photographs that give away what you have done with it. Grim things, those portraits; if you could read the language of them you would often find it unnecessary to read the book. The face itself, of course, is still more tell-tale, for it is the record of all one's past life. There the man stands in the dock, page by page; we ought to be able to see each chapter of him melting into the next like the figures in the cinematograph. Even

the youngest of you has got through some chapters already. When you go home for the next vacation someone is sure to say: "John has changed a little; I don't quite see in what way, but he has changed." You remember they said that last vacation. Perhaps it means that you look less like your father. Think that out. I could say some nice things of your betters if I chose.

In youth you tend to look rather frequently into a mirror, not at all necessarily from vanity. You say to yourself: "What an interesting face; I wonder what he is to be up to?" Your elders do not look into the mirror so often. We know what he has been up to. As yet there is unfortunately no science of reading other people's faces; I think a chair for this should be founded in St. Andrews.

The new professor will need to be a sublime philosopher, and for obvious reasons he ought to wear spectacles before his senior class. It will be a gloriously optimistic chair, for he can tell his students the glowing truth, that what their faces are to be like presently depends mainly on themselves. Mainly, not altogether—

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

I found the other day an old letter from Henley that told me of the circumstances in which he wrote that poem. "I was a patient," he writes, "in the old infirmary of Edinburgh. I had heard vaguely of Lister, and went there as a sort of forlorn hope on the chance of saving my foot. The great surgeon received me, as he did and does everybody, with the greatest kindness, and for twenty months I lay in one or other ward of the old place under his care. It was a desperate business, but he saved my foot, and here I am." There he was, ladies and gentlemen, and what he was doing during that "desperate business" was, singing that he was master of his fate.

If you want an example of courage try Henley. Or Stevenson. I could tell you some stories about these two, but they would not be dull enough for a rectorial address.

For courage, again, take Meredith, whose laugh was "as broad as a thousand beeves at pasture." Take, as I think, the greatest figure literature has still left to us, to be added today to the roll of St. Andrews' alumni, though it must be in absence. The pomp and circumstance of war will pass, and all others now alive may fade from the scene, but I think the quiet figure of Hardy will live on.

I seem to be taking all my examples from the calling I was lately pretending to despise. I should like to read you some passages of a letter from a man of another calling, which I think will hearten you. I have the little filmy sheets here I thought you might like to see the actual letter; it has been a long journey; it has been to the South Pole. It is a letter to me from Captain Scott of the Antarctic, and was written in the tent you know of, where it was found long afterwards with his body and those of some other very gallant gentlemen, his comrades. The writing is in pencil, still quite clear, though toward the end some of the words trail away as into the great silence that was waiting for them. It begins:—

"We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. Hoping this letter may be found and sent to you, I write you a word of farewell. I want you to think well of me and my end." [After some private instructions too intimate to read, he goes on]: "Good-bye—I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a simple pleasure which I had planned for the future in our long marches....We are in a desperate state—feet frozen, etc., no fuel, and a long way from food, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation.....Later"—[it is here that the words become difficult]—"We are very near the end.....We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without."

I think it may uplift you all to stand for a moment by that tent and listen, as he says, to their songs and cheery conversation. When I think of Scott I remember the strange Alpine story of the youth who fell down a glacier and was lost, and of how a scientific companion, one of

several who accompanied him, all young, computed that the body would again appear at a certain date and place many years afterwards. When that time came round some of the survivors returned to the glacier to see if the prediction would be fulfilled; all old men now; and the body reappeared as young as on the day he left them. So Scott and his comrades emerge out of the white immensities always young.

How comely a thing is affliction borne cheerfully, which is not beyond the reach of the humblest of us. What is beauty? It is these hard-bitten men singing courage to you from their tent; it is the waves of their island home crooning of their deeds to you who are to follow them. Sometimes beauty boils over and then spirits are abroad. Ages may pass as we look or listen, for time is annihilated. There is a very old legend told to me by Nansen the explorer—I like well to be in the company of explorers—the legend of a monk who had wandered into the fields and a lark began to sing. He had never heard a lark before, and he stood there entranced until the bird and its song had become part of the heavens. Then he went back to the monastery and found there a doorkeeper whom he did not know and who did not know him. Other monks came, and they were all strangers to him. He told them he was Father Anselm, but that was no help. Finally they looked through the books of the monastery, and these revealed that there had been a Father Anselm there a hundred or more years before. Time had been blotted out while he listened to the lark.

That, I suppose, was a case of beauty boiling over, or a soul boiling over; perhaps the same thing. Then spirits walk.

They must sometimes walk St. Andrews. I do not mean the ghosts of queen or prelates, but one that keeps step, as soft as snow, with some poor student. He sometimes catches sight of it. That is why his fellows can never quite touch him, their best beloved; he half knows something of which they know nothing—the secret that is hidden in the face of the Mona Lisa. As I see him, life

is so beautiful to him that its proportions are monstrous. Perhaps his childhood may have been overfull of gladness ; they don't like that. If the seekers were kind he is the one for whom the flags of his college would fly one day. But the seeker I am thinking of is unfriendly, and so our student is "the lad that will never be old." He often gaily forgets, and thinks he has slain his foe by daring him, like him who, dreading water, was always the first to leap into it. One can see him serene, astride a Scotch cliff, singing to the sun the farewell thanks of a boy :—

Throned on a cliff serene man saw the sun
hold a red torch above the farthest seas,
and the fierce island pinnacles put on in his defence their
sombre panoplies ;

Foremost the white mists eddied, trailed and spun
like seekers, emulous to clasp his knees,
till all the beauty of the scene seemed one,
led by the secret whispers of the breeze.

The sun's torch suddenly flashed upon his face
and died ; and he sat content in subject night
and dreamed of an old dead foe that had sought and found
him ;

a beast stirred boldly in his resting-place ;
And the cold came ; man rose to his master-height,
shivered, and turned away ; but the mists were round him.
If there is any of you here so rare that the seekers have
taken an ill-will to him, as to the boy who wrote those
lines, I ask you to be careful. Henley says in that poem
we were speaking of :—

Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

A fine mouthful, but perhaps "My head is bloody and bowed" is better.

Let us get back to that tent with its songs and cheery conversation. Courage. I do not think it is to be got by your becoming solemnities before your time. You must have been warned against letting the golden hours slip by. Yes, but some of them are golden only because we let them slip. Diligence—ambition ; noble words, but

only if "touched to fine issues." Prizes may be dross, learning lumber, unless they bring you into the arena with increased understanding. Hanker not too much after worldly prosperity—that corpulent cigar; if you became a millionaire you would probably go swimming around for more, like a diseased goldfish. Look to it that what you are doing is not merely toddling to a competency. Perhaps that must be your fate, but fight it and then, though you fail, you may still be among the elect of whom we have spoken. Many a brave man has had to come to it at last. But there are the complacent toddlers from the start. Favour them not, ladies, especially now that every one of you carries a possible *maréchal's* baton under her gown. "Happy," it has been said by a distinguished man, "is he who can leave college with an unrepublishing conscience and an unsullied heart." I don't know; he sounds to me like a sloppy, watery sort of fellow; happy, perhaps, but if there be red blood in him impossible. Be not disheartened by ideals of perfection which can be achieved only by those who run away. Nature, that "thrifty goddess," never gave you "the smallest scruple of her excellence" for that. Whatever bludgeonings may be gathering for you, I think one feels more poignantly at your age than ever again in life. You have not our December roses to help you; but you have June coming, whose roses do not wonder, as do ours even while they give us their fragrance—wondering most when they give us most—that we should linger on an empty scene. It may indeed be monstrous but possibly courageous.

Courage is the thing. All goes if courage goes. What says our glorious Johnson of courage: "Unless a man has that virtue he has no security for preserving any other." We should thank our Creator three times daily for courage instead of for our bread, which, if we work, is surely the one thing we have a right to claim of Him. This courage is a proof of our immortality, greater even than gardens "when the eve is cool." Pray for it. "Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered." Be not merely courageous, but light-hearted and gay. There is an officer who was the first of our army to land at Galli-

poli. He was dropped overboard to light decoys on the shore, so as to deceive the Turks as to where the landing was to be. He pushed a raft containing these in front of him. It was a frosty night, and he was naked and painted black. Firing from the ships was going on all around. It was a two hours' swim in pitch darkness. He did it, crawled through the scrub to listen to the talk of the enemy, who were so near that he could have shaken hands with them, lit his decoys and swam back. He seems to look on this as a gay affair. He is a V.C. now, and you would not think to look at him that he could ever have presented such a disreputable appearance. Would you? (indicating Colonel Freyberg).

Those men of whom I have been speaking as the kind to fill the life could all be light-hearted on occasion. I remember Scott by Highland streams trying to rouse me by maintaining that haggis is boiled bagpipes, Henley in dispute as to whether, say, Turgeneff or Tolstoi could hang the other on his watch-chain; he sometimes clenched the argument by casting his crutch at you; Stevenson responded in the same gay spirit by giving that crutch to John Silver; you remember with what adequate results. You must cultivate this light-heartedness if you are to hang your betters on your watch-chains. Dr. Johnson—let us have him again—does not seem to have discovered in his travels that the Scots are a light-hearted nation. Boswell took him to task for saying that the death of Garrick had eclipsed the gaiety of nations. "Well, sir," Johnson said, "there may be occasions when it is permissible to," etc. But Boswell would not let go. "I cannot see, sir, how it could in any case have eclipsed the gaiety of nations, as England was the only nation before whom he had ever played." Johnson was really stymied, but you would never have known it. "Well, sir," he said, holding out, "I understand that Garrick once played in Scotland, and if Scotland has any gaiety to eclipse, which, sir, I deny . . ."

Prove Johnson wrong for once at the Students' Union and in your other societies. I much regret that there was

no Students' Union at Edinburgh in my time. I hope you are fairly noisy and that members are sometimes led out. Do you keep to the old topics? King Charles's head; and Bacon wrote Shakespeare, or if he did not he missed the opportunity of his life. Don't forget to speak scornfully of the Victorian age; there will be time for meekness when you try to better it. Very soon you will be Victorian or that sort of thing yourselves; next session probably, when the freshmen come up. Afterwards, if you go in for my sort of calling, don't begin by thinking you are the last word in art: quite possibly you are not; steady yourselves by remembering that there were great men before William K. Smith. Make merry while you may. Yet light heartedness is not for ever and a day. At its best it is the gay companion of innocence; and when innocence goes—as go it must—they soon trip off together, looking for something younger. But courage comes all the way:—

Fight on, my men, says Sir Andrew Barton,
I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
I'll lie down and bleed a-while,
And then I'll rise and fight againe.

Another piece of advice; almost my last. For reasons you may guess I must give this in a low voice. Beware of M'Connachie. When I look in a mirror now it is his face I see. I speak with his voice. I once had a voice of my own, but nowadays I hear it from far away only, a melancholy, lonely, lost little pipe. I wanted to be an explorer, but he willed otherwise. You will all have your M'Connachie's luring you off the high road. Unless you are constantly on the watch, you will find that he has slowly pushed you out of yourself and taken your place. He has rather done for me. I think in his youth he must somehow have guessed the future and been fleggit by it, flichtered from the nest like a bird, and so our eggs were left, cold. He has clung to me, less from mischief than for companionship; I half like him and his penny whistle with all his faults he is as Scotch as peat; he whispered to me just now that you elected him, not me, as your rector.

A final passing thought. Were an old student given an hour in which to revisit the St. Andrews of his day, would he spend more than half of it at lectures? He is more likely to be heard clattering up bare stairs in search of old companions. But if you could choose your hour from all the five hundred years of this seat of learning, wandering at your will from one age to another, how would you spend it? A fascinating theme; so many notable shades at once astir that St. Leonard's and St. Mary's grow murky with them. Hamilton, Melville, Sharpe, Chalmers, down to Herkless, that distinguished principal, ripe scholar and warm friend, the loss of whom I deeply deplore with you. I think if that hour were mine, and though at St. Andrews he was but a passer-by, I would give a handsome part of it to a walk with Doctor Johnson. I should like to have the time of day passed to me in twelve languages by the Admirable Crichton. A wave of the hand to Andrew Lang; and then for the archery butts with the gay Montrose, all a-ruffled and ringed, and in the gallant St. Andrews student manner, continued as I understanding to this present day, scattering largess as he rides along.

But where is now the courtly troupe
That once went riding by?
I miss the curls of Canteloupe,
The laugh of Lady Di.

We have still left time for a visit to a house in South Street, hard by St. Leonard's. I do not mean the house you mean. I am a Knox man. But little will that avail, for M'Connachie is a Queen Mary man. So, after all, it is at her door we chap, a last futile effort to bring that woman to heel. One more house of call, a student's room, also in South Street. I have chosen my student, you see, and I have chosen well; him that sang:—

Life has not since been wholly vain.
And now I bear
Of wisdom plucked from joy and pain
Some slender share.

But howsoever rich the store,
I'd lay it down
To feel upon my back once more
The old red gown.

Well, we have at last come to an end. Some of you may remember when I began this address; we are all older now. I think you for your patience. This is my first and last public appearance, and I never could or would have made it except to a gathering of Scottish students. If I have concealed my emotions in addressing you it is only the thrawn national way that deceives everybody except Scotsmen. I have not been as dull as I could have wished to be; but looking at your glowing faces cheerfulness and hope would keep breaking through. Despite the imperfections of your betters we leave you a great inheritance, for which others will one day call you to account. You come of a race of men the very wind of whose name has swept to the ultimate seas. Remember

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves.....

Mighty are the universities of Scotland, and they will prevail. But even in your highest exultations never forget that they are not four, but five. The greatest of them is the poor, proud homes you come out of, which said so long ago: "There shall be education in this land." She, not St. Andrews, is the oldest university in Scotland, and all the others are her whelps.

In bidding you good-bye, my last words must be of the lovely virtue. Courage, my children, and "greet the unseen with a cheer." "Fight on, my men," said Sir Andrew Barton. Fight on—you—for the old red gown till the whistle blows.

LORD ASQUITH

This address on Culture and Character was delivered by Lord Asquith (1852—1928) before the University of Aberdeen. Lord Asquith was among those illustrious statesmen who, like Lord Morley, Lord Rosebery and Lord Balfour, successfully combined politics with literature. He was Prime Minister from 1908—1916, and his premiership was marked by a strong forward policy, of which the Parliament Bill abolishing the veto of the Lords and the Home Rule Bill were notable examples.

CULTURE AND CHARACTER

RECTORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE
UNIVERSITY, OF ABERDEEN OCTOBER 25, 1910.

My first duty is to thank you most gratefully for the honour which the students of this University have done me in electing me to be their Rector, and to express my sincere regret that the pressure of other duties has delayed so long my visit to Aberdeen. The office to which you have elected me is associated with some of the most splendid traditions in the history of learning. It goes back to the time when the Church and the Empire, in theory at any rate, exercised an unchallenged supremacy over the spiritual and temporal concerns of the Western World. Three out of our four Scottish Universities are of Papal foundation. Aberdeen, the youngest of the three, owes its origin in 1494, as you all know, to a Bull of Alexander VI, which may, I suppose, be regarded as a redeeming act in the career of one of the most infamous of the Popes. It was, at any rate, the final gift of the Papacy to learning and the humanities in this island. For of the two great disruptive forces—the Renaissance and the Reformation—which within the next half-century undermined and overthrew the spiritual and ecclesiastical unity of Europe, the one had already begun its invasion of Great

Britain, and both in England and Scotland, by diverse routes, the way was being prepared for the triumph of the other. But in neither country ought we to erase from the national memory the debt of obligation which British learning owes to the great Churchmen of the Middle Ages – a debt which, I am glad to know, we here in Aberdeen are about to recognise by a fitting commemoration of our real founder, Bishop Elphinstone.

When we look back to the way in which organised education has been developed in Western Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, we are struck by the fact that it apparently began at the top of the scale with the more advanced forms of teaching. In point of time, you have first the Universities, then what we call in England the public schools and the grammar schools, and, finally, the parish school, which the whole English-speaking world owes, in so large a degree, to the insight and foresight of John Knox. We must, however, not be misled into wrong inferences, which may easily be drawn from a superficial survey of the facts. The mediæval University was never intended to be, and was not in fact, an aristocratic or exclusive institution, which opened its door and offered its teaching only to the children of the well-to-do. As I tried to show some years ago, when on a similar occasion to this I was addressing your fellow-students at Glasgow, the typical University of the Middle Ages, whether at Paris, or Bologna, or Oxford, was cosmopolitan in composition; to some extent at any rate – as this institution of the Rectorship proves – democratic in government, and recruited by students drawn from all ranks and classes, but for the most part the sons of low-born or needy parents. University education was then – except, of course, for the few who pursue learning for learning's sake, and who are, at all times, in every home of learning, the minority of a minority – the most accredited qualification for admission to, and for the practice of, certain indispensable and much-frequented professions – in particular, the Law, and the higher branches of Medicine, and the Church.

As time went on, and the so-called ages of Chivalry were submerged by the Renaissance, what we now describe

as culture, in the academic sense, came to be looked on as the proper and necessary accomplishment of a gentleman. It is true (as Mr. Sidney Lee has pointed out in the learned and interesting book, which he has just published, on *The French Renaissance in England*) that the process was slower in this island than elsewhere. More, Colet, Linacre, and their teacher and friend Erasmus, sowed the seed which did not ripen for harvest until Elizabeth had been more than twenty years on the throne. But the illustrious Queen herself, according to the unimpeachable testimony of the younger Scaliger, was better educated than all her contemporaries among the great of the earth, being familiar with no less than five languages in addition to her native tongue—Latin and Greek, French, German, and Italian. I hesitate to trespass, even for a moment, upon thorny ground, but with all the progress that female education has made in the last three centuries, can it produce a more conspicuous example of the combination of culture and capacity?

Culture, as I have said, came to be looked upon, like good manners and good clothes, as part of the social and personal equipment of the well-born and well-to-do. It continued also, in its more specialised forms, to be the recognised avenue to eminence in the learned professions and the Church. But the notion that education was for the common man a part of his natural heritage, a necessary condition of his civic usefulness, an ingredient that could be safely mixed with the drudgery of manual toil and the simple round of homely pleasure—except, indeed, to some extent in Scotland—such a notion would have been everywhere dismissed as a dangerous paradox.

It is a little more than a hundred years since an eminent prelate of the Church of England declared that all that the people of a country had to do with its laws was to obey them. It was in the same spirit, and from the same point of view, that the mass of the population was expected to leave letters to their betters. The growth of enlightenment, a stimulated sense of social community and corporate duty, and, it must be added, the advent of democ-

racy, have brought about, without violence, and by general consent, the most revolutionary of all the changes of our time—a national system of free and compulsory teaching. The celebrated sarcasm of Mr. Lowe, that we must begin to “educate our masters,” has been translated into practice; and though there are still plenty of ragged edges and ugly gaps in the actual working of the machinery, the ideal, at any rate, is universally accepted, that no child shall start upon the work of life unfurnished with the keys of learning, and that, in the case of every child whom nature has gifted with brains and ambition, the barriers of fortune and circumstance shall no longer block its progress, at any stage of the way which leads to the innermost courts of the palace of knowledge. This is not an appropriate time or place to discourse, as I might otherwise be tempted to do, on the lights—and shadows—of popular education. It will be more to the purpose if I ask your patience for a few desultory and discursive thoughts on some of the shortcomings and draw-backs which seem in these days to threaten the academic pursuit of the higher forms of knowledge.

I would instance, first, the growing tendency to Specialism, which has become a marked feature of University work, both here and in England, during the past fifty or sixty years. It is much more common than it used to be for a student to give exclusive, or almost exclusive, devotion to one subject or group of subjects, and to be content as regards the rest with the bare minimum of academic requirement. The change is, of course, largely due to the greater thoroughness with which each subject is taught and learnt; to the enormous extension in the area of the fields of research, which are still called by the old names—classics, mathematics, science, philosophy; to the higher standard, both of information and of exactness, which has naturally and legitimately been set up. All this is to the good, in so far as it tends to promote erudition and accuracy at the expense of that which is merely superficial and smart. But the advantage is purchased at an excessive price if it is gained by the sacrifice of width of range and catholicity of interest. Pedentry is, on the whole, more

useful and less offensive than Socialism, but a University which is content to perform the office of a factory of specialists is losing sight of some of its highest functions.

Nobody but an impostor can in these days assume to take all knowledge for his province. Such an encyclopaedic purpose as inspired Francis Bacon, even he, perhaps the most gifted of our race, if he could be reincarnated under modern conditions, would recognise to be now beyond the dreams of intellectual ambition. But the man whom you turn out here as your finished product at the end of his University course ought to be, in Bacon's own phrase, a "full man." Victor Hugo says somewhere, in his grandiose and impressive way, that genius is a promontory which stretches out into the Infinite. We cannot lay down laws for genius; that incommunicable gift sets at nought both heredity and environment. But, genius apart, there is much to be said for the old University ideal of the "all-round" man—not the superficial smatterer, who knows something about everything and much about nothing—but one who has not sacrificed to the pursuit of a single dominating interest his breadth of outlook, the zest and range of his intellectual curiosity, his eagerness to know and to assimilate the best that has been and is being thought and written and said about all the things that either contribute to the knowledge or enrich the life of man.

But, next, if a certain width of range is essential to the reality of academic culture, it is equally true that, in external form and expression, it is, or ought to be, marked by precision, aptitude, harmony—by the qualities, in a word, which combine to make up what we call Style. In all artistic production there are three factors—the subject, the form in which it is presented, and the vehicle by which the presentation is effected. In each of the separate arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, music—the particular vehicle controls and limits the choice of subject. But given appropriate subject and apt vehicle—and there is nothing in which the insight of genius is better tested than in the mating of the two—it is the formative capacity of

the artist which determines the value of the product. That sounds like a platitude when we are talking of the fine arts ; but it is strange how careless of form even highly educated people show themselves in the commonplace everyday acts of speaking and writing. A vast deal of the slipshod and prolix stuff which we are compelled to read or to listen to is, of course, born of sheer idleness. When, as so often happens, a man takes an hour to say what might have been as well or better said in twenty minutes, or spreads over twenty pages what could easily have been exhausted in ten, the offence in a large majority of cases is due, not so much to vanity, or to indifference to the feelings of others, as to inability or unwillingness to take pains.

And the uncritical world, just as it is apt to mistake noise of utterance for firmness of character, has an almost invincible tendency to think that a writer or orator cannot be eloquent unless he is also diffuse. In my opinion, it ought to be regarded as one of the serious functions of a University to inculcate the importance and to cultivate the practice of Style. Remember that in the English language we have received, as part of our common inheritance, the richest and most flexible organ of expression among living tongues. I say nothing for the moment of Poetry, which may be classed among the arts ; but there is no department of the Prose, which we all have to speak and write every day of our lives, for which our literature does not provide us with a wealth of models and examples. There are fashions in style, as in other things, which have their day, exhaust themselves, and cannot be revived. No one, for instance, would nowadays set himself deliberately to copy the manner of Archbishop Cranmer, the first great writer of English prose ; or of Sir Thomas Browne, with his magnificent organ of many notes ; or of Gibbon, who stands in solitary splendour at the head of our writers, of history ; or of De Quincey, with his curious and sometimes irritating medley, imaginative, critical, discursive, but a master who has rarely been surpassed in the manipulation of the the English sentence. Mechanical reproduction may be useful as an exercise ; it was resorted to

if I remember right, in his youth by the most accomplished practitioner in the art of style that Scotland has produced in our time—Robert Louis Stevenson. But the man who wants to write or speak English will go to the great authors, whom I have just named, again and again ; not to echo their cadences or to mimic their mannerisms ; not merely even to enrich his own vocabulary ; but to study the secret of their music ; to learn how it is that, with them, language becomes the mirror of thought ; to master, step by step, the processes by which these cunning artificers in words forge out of them phrases, sentences, paragraphs, and give to each its proper place and function in the structure of an immortal work.

But, further, it is not enough that a University should teach its students to eschew narrowness in the range of their intellectual interests and slatternliness in speech and writing. It should put them permanently on guard against the Dogmatic temper. We cannot get on without dogma, which is nothing more than the precisely formulated expression of what we believe to be true. The term is sometimes used as though it were restricted to the domain of theology, and were specially appropriate to the accretions—called by some excrescences, by others developments—which councils and schoolmen and doctors have embroidered upon the simplicity of the Gospel. But science and philosophy have their dogmas also ; and if it be suggested that that which differentiates a dogma is that it is accepted in difference, not to reason, but to authority, the same may be said of not a few of the propositions which in every department both of speculation and of practical life form the basis of belief or conduct. But to give intellectual acceptance to a dogma, or a series of dogmas, is one thing ; to carry on the operations of the intellect in a dogmatic spirit is quite another. There is a famous and familiar saying of Lessing, that if the Almighty offered him the choice between the knowledge of all truth and the impulse to seek the truth, he would reverently select the second as a greater boon than the first. And this surely is the attitude which it should be the aim and end of education to make easy and natu-

ial. To be open minded ; to struggle against preconceptions, and hold them in due subjection ; to keep the avenues of the intelligence free and unblocked ; to take pains that the scales of the judgment shall be always even and fair ; to welcome new truths when they have proved their title, despite the havoc they may make of old and cherished beliefs—these may sound like commonplace qualities, well within every man's reach, but experience shows that in practice they are the rarest of all.

The temper which I am endeavouring to describe is not in any sense one of intellectual detachment or indifference ; nor has it anything in common with that chronic paralysis of the judgment, which makes some men incapable of choosing between the right and wrong reason, or the better and the worse cause. It implies, on the contrary, an active and virile mental life, equipped against the fallacies of the market-place and the cave, animated by the will to believe and to act, but open always to the air of reason and the light of truth.

One final counsel I will venture to offer to you. I speak as an old University man who, in a crowded and somewhat contentious life, has never wholly lost touch with the interests and the ideals of Oxford days. If the short span which, in fuller or lesser measure, is allotted to us all is to be wisely spent, one must not squander, but one should husband and invest, what never comes again, and what here and now is offered to every one of you. The more strenuous your career, the more you will need to draw upon that unfailing reservoir. Sometimes, amid the clash of public strife, there may steal back into the memory of some of us the sombre lines of the greatest of Roman poets :

Di Jovis in tectis iram miscrantur inanem
Amborum, et tantos mortalibus esse labores.

That is but a passing mood, except in an ill-furnished mind. Keep always with you, wherever your course may lie, the best and most enduring gift that a University can bestow—the company of great thoughts, the inspiration

of great ideals, the example of great achievements, the consolation of great failures. So equipped, you can face, without perturbation, the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune, all the inscrutable vicissitudes of life. Nor can you do better than take as your motto the famous words which I read over the portals of this College when I came here to-day : "They have said. What say they ? Let them say."

Sir ABDUL QADIR, K.C.I.E.

THE CULTURAL INFLUENCES OF ISLAM

Modern Indian civilization has developed from the action and reaction of so many different races and creeds upon each other that it is extremely difficult to say which of its features is due to a particular influence. Hardest of all to assess is the influence of Islam, for the various Muslim incursions into India brought comparatively few people of an alien race into India. Even the great Babur, when he 'put his foot in the stirrup of resolution' and set out to invade India, in November 1525, only took with him some 12,000 soldiers and merchants. Of the eighty odd million Muslims, who to-day form a quarter of the population, the great majority are descended from Hindu stock, and retain certain characteristics common to Indians as a whole. Yet because the Muslim invaders came as conquerors, rulers, and missionaries they made such an impression, especially in the north, that to many Europeans and Americans the characteristic life and architecture of India must seem to be Musulman. Muslim culture in India, being a blending of two civilizations, is something *sui generis*, and as such has its special contribution to make to the Western world, as well as to the rest of Islam. The process by which the blending took place is of special interest. A passage in the *Cambridge History of India* by Sir John Marshall (vol. iii, p. 568), well describes the influence of Hindu and Muslim culture on one another. He observes :

'Seldom in the history of mankind has the spectacle been witnessed of two civilizations, so vast and so strongly developed, yet so radically dissimilar, as the Muhammadan and the Hindu, meeting and mingling together. The very contrasts which existed between them, the wide

divergence in their culture and their religions, make the history of their impact peculiarly instructive.'

The earliest contact of Islam with India began in the second half of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth centuries of the Christian era, through Sind and Baluchistan. The Arabs, who conquered Sind and remained there, have left a lasting impress on the manners and customs of the people. Later on, another stream of Muslim people came to India, through its north-west frontier. They were racially and culturally different from the Arab invaders, who had come to the western coast. Representatives of various tribes and dynasties of Central Asia, who felt the spell of Islam and embraced the faith, started a long series of invasions of India. It is obvious, however, that invasions like those of Timurlane or Mahmud of Ghazni were not calculated to produce marked cultural results or to leave many permanent traces of their influence. These contacts did not last long and offered no opportunities of any intimate relations between the people of the country and their unwelcome visitors from the north. The real contacts began when Muslims began to settle down in the country.

Several dynasties of Muslim kings preceded the establishment of the Mughal Empire in India, and undoubtedly contributed much to the grafting of Muslim culture on the ancient civilization of the country, but there is very little material available for making a definite estimate of their contribution. Attention has to be confined mainly to the Mughal period, which has contributed most to the development of an Indo-Muslim culture.

Some of the influences which have come to India through Muslims may not have been essential ingredients of Islam when it originated in Arabia, but they came to be identified with it in course of time, in its onward march from Arabia to Persia and Central Asia. Of these countries Persia has had a dominating influence on Islam and through it on India. The Arabs conquered Persia, but Persian civilization made such a profound impression on them that the Persian language and literature became

a necessary part of Islamic culture in many Eastern lands. The Central Asian dynasties, which came to India and established kingdoms in it, had come under the influence of Persian literature before they came to India, and the result was that Persian was adopted by them as the language of the Court and of literature. In the time of the Mughals the study of the Persian language was eagerly taken up by Muslims as well as non-Muslims. The Hindus, who possess a great capacity for adaptation in matters intellectual, took kindly to Persian literature, just as they are now eagerly studying the English language and its literature. The Northern Provinces of India furnish many brilliant examples of Hindu scholars of Persian, who could use the language very effectively in prose as well as in poetry. Two classes of Hindus have particularly distinguished themselves in this respect—the Kashmiri Pandits and the Kayasthas. Recently a large book has been published containing selections from Persian poems composed by Kashmiri Pandits. It was through the medium of Persian, which, in its turn, had been largely influenced by the Arabic language and the texts of the sacred books of the Muslim faith, that the best ethical thought of Islam influenced the educated Hindus of the period. One great result of this influence was the gradual prevalence of a widespread belief in the Unity of God and the growth of indigenous monotheistic faiths. The second remarkable result was the creation of a new indigenous language, called Urdu, which was a mixture of Persian and Hindi, and which has become, in course of time, the most commonly used language in India.

These two influences have had far-reaching effects in the past and are fraught with great possibilities in the future. They require, therefore, to be discussed at some length. Other influences are too numerous to be noticed in detail, as they cover a very wide range. You see them in the style of buildings and houses, in music and painting, in arts and crafts, in dress and costume, in games and sports, in short, in the whole life of the country. We shall have to be content with passing references to these commemorations of a happy blending

of two cultures, the streams of which decided, long ago, to take a common course.

Let us first consider religious thought. A large majority of educated people in India, even among non-Muslims, believe in one God, and the Creator and Preserver of the Universe, with no rivals and equals. Though this belief is to be found in almost all the great religions of the world, in one form or another, it cannot be denied that no other faith has laid so much emphasis on it as Islam. We have to remember that the systems of belief prevailing among the Hindus at the time of the advent of the advent of Muslims had largely drifted away from the original purity of the doctrines in their earliest sacred books, and various forms of idolatry had been substituted for divine worship. Things have so changed now that, in spite of the fact orthodox Hindus have still got idols in their temples, their attitude towards the worship of idols is very different from what it used to be. The intelligent and the educated among them declare that idols are only meant to serve as aids to concentration of thought, and that those who appear to worship them are, in reality, offering worship to Him to whom alone it is due. In this greatly changed attitude the influence of Islam can be easily traced, though in recent times the influence of Christianity has been another great force working against idolatry and superstition. It is also noteworthy that forces have sprung up inside Hinduism itself to combat the tendency to worship idols or to blindly follow designing priests. The Arya Samaj, founded by late Swami Dayananda Sarasvati in the Punjab, in the second half of the nineteenth century, may be mentioned as the most striking instance of the revolt of Hinduism against idol worship. This movement purports to be a revival of the ancient Vedic faith. Though it sometimes adopts a militant attitude towards Islam, in order to counteract its influence, it is significant that some of its reforms run on lines parallel to the teachings of Islam. Besides condemning idol worship, it denounces priests, it allows the admission of people of other religions into the fold of the Aryan faith, and commends the marriage of widows.

Aparts from these indications of Islamic notions, gradually and imperceptibly influencing the modes of religious thought in India, Islam has had a more direct influence in bringing into existence monotheistic systems of faith in India. The Sikh religion, founded by the saintly Guru Nanak, is a remarkable instance of this influence. This holy man believed in the Unity of God as strongly as any Muslim, and desired to smooth the differences between Hinduism and Is'am. The *Graanth Sahib*, the sacred book of the Sikhs, bears testimony to the fact that the founder of the religion loved God and loved his fellow men and had great respect for the Prophet of Arabia and other holy men of Islam. A well-known Sikh gentleman, Sardar Umrao Singh of Majitha, has recently published a book which clearly shows that essential beliefs of the Sikhs and the Moslems are very similar to one another. This book is a Persian translation of Sukhmani, which is a part of the sacred book of the Sikhs and every verse in it breathes the love of God. Sardar Umrao Singh luckily lighted on the Persian manuscript of this book in the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris and copied it. He took the copy to India and has taken great pains in comparing the translation with the original and editing it carefully. It is highly regrettable that, for want of sufficient knowledge and appreciation of each other's beliefs, the Sikhs and Muslims have drifted so far apart from one another.

Another great religious teacher who may be specifically mentioned in this connexion is Kabir, the best exponent of what is known as the *Bhakti* movement. In the words of a recent writer this movement 'recognised no difference between Ram and Rahim, Kaaba and Kailash, Quran and Puran and inculcated that Karma is Dharma. The preachers of this creed, Ramananda, Kabir, Dadu, Ramdas, Nanak, and Chaitanya, who flourished in different parts of India and preached the principles of Unity of God, were immensely influenced by Islam'.

In more recent times the religious movement that showed the strongest signs of Muslim influence is the

Brahmo-Samaj, founded by the late Raja Ram Mohan Roy and carried on and strengthened by the late Keshab Chandra Sen. Raja Ram Mohan Roy was a good scholar of Persian and very well versed in the literature of Islam. His study of English brought him into touch with Christian beliefs also, and he conceived the idea of an eclectic religion, combining the best points of the teachings of the Vedas, the Bible, and the Quran, and holding all the great spiritual teachers of the world in equal veneration, as the best solution of the difficulties of India. The Brahmo-Samaj, as a strictly unitarian faith, shows the predominance of the most essential doctrine of Islam in its beliefs. This Samaj has included in its fold men of the highest intellectual calibre in our country, though, for obvious reasons, the number of its members has never been very large.

Language, Literature, and Art.

The Urdu language is another proof of the union of Hindu and Muslim cultures, though it is strange that there is a tendency, in some quarters, to look upon it as something imported from outside, which might be got rid of as foreign to the soil. This mistaken view is due to want of sufficient information as to the origin of the language and its development. It is gratifying to note a growing recognition of its value even in provinces where provincial languages are spoken. The following passage taken from an article by Mr. Anilechandra Banerjee on Indo-Persian literature and contributions made to it by the famous poet, Amir Khusru, of Delhi, embodies the opinion of a fair-minded Hindu writer as to the place of Urdu in the culture of our country. He says:

'Almost every work in Indo-Persian literature contains a large number of words of Indian origin, and thousands of Persian words became naturalized in every Indian vernacular language. This mingling of Persian, Arabic, and Turkish words and ideas with languages and concepts of Sanskrit origin is extremely interesting from the philological point of view, and this co-ordination of unknowns resulted in the origin of the beautiful Urdu

language. That language in itself symbolized the reconciliation of the hitherto irreconcilable and mutually hostile types of civilization represented by Hinduism and Islam.'

The language thus developed by the combined efforts of Hindus and Muslims now boasts of a fairly varied and wide literature, which may be claimed as a common heritage by both, and is gaining every day in importance and strength.

Urdu literature is rich in poetry. It must be admitted, however, that Urdu poetry has been considerably restricted in its scope in the past and it is only recently that efforts have been made to widen its sphere. The most popular form of versification in Urdu was the *ghazal*, consisting of stray thoughts on such subjects as love, beauty, and morality. Each line was in the same metre, and the endings of each line rhymed with one another. This style of writing has found numerous votaries among Muslims as well as Hindus. In the collections of the *ghazals* of many of our eminent writers you can find literary gems bearing comparison with some of the best pieces of literature in other languages, though for the bulk of this kind of verse no merit can be claimed. Hence it was that some of the poets of the second half of the nineteenth century who realized the limitations of the *ghazal* and its shortcomings felt the need of literary reform. In Delhi, Ghalib was the first to realize this, but it fell to the share of his distinguished pupil, Hali, to inaugurate the reform. He started a new school of Urdu poetry, which has had many adherents among his contemporaries and successors. In Lucknow a departure from the ordinary style of poetry was introduced by two great poets, Anis and Dabir who wrote *marsiyas*, or elegies, about the martyrdom of Iman Husain. Anis and Dabir vastly enriched the store of Urdu literature and greatly refined and polished the Urdu language. It is very interesting to note that these two eminent literary men were not only great as writers, but were equally remarkable for the wonderful effect they could produce by giving public readings of their works. They made reading an art, which has since been imitated, but

has not so far been excelled in India. Large gatherings of people of all classes, Muslims and Hindus, used to assemble to hear their recitations, and this brought about a cultural *entente* between the two, which still exists. A noteworthy influence of this form of literature was an adoption of the style of the *marṣiyas* by distinguished Hindu writers for depicting the charming story of the Ramayana, concerning the sacrifices made by the heroic Rama in the performance of his pious filial duty and the unselfish love of Lakshman, his brother, and of Sita, his wife. Munshi Jawala Pershad (*Baq*) and Pandit Brij Narayan (*Chakbast*) are among the Hindu writers who have effectively used the style originated by the two great masters of *marṣiya* writing.

This reference to the Lucknow school of Urdu literature will not be complete without a brief mention of the famous *Pisana-i-Aṣṣād*, remarkable work of fiction in Urdu, written by the late Pandit Ratan Nath (*Sarshar*), who holds a unique position among the writers of Urdu prose. He has given graphic pictures of the life of the rich as well as the poor in Lucknow. In this book of his, as well as in many of his other works the influence of Muslim literature, which he had read widely, is clearly visible.

Among the literary institutions popularized by the Muslims may be mentioned the *Mushaira*, which means a symposium or a meeting for a poetical contest. This contest is ordinarily held in order to judge who excels in writing a *Ghazal* in a given metre. The poets joining the *Mushaira* all recite their respective compositions. It is not customary in high-class *Mushairas* for the meeting or its chairman to declare who wins the laurels of the day, but in most cases the audience is not left in doubt as to the merits of the best poem, the indication of opinion being given by the loud applause of the listeners or by expressions of approbation uttered in the course of the recitations by those in a position to judge. This institution, though not enjoying the vogue which it did in days gone by, is still fairly popular and often bring together people of different classes and communities, who manage to

forget their differences for the time being, in their admiration for a common literature.

A separate chapter in this book – “Legacy of India” (Oxford 1939)—has dealt with Muhammadan architecture. Of all branches of art this has always appealed most strongly to Muslims. One reason is that painting of human beings and animals was discouraged on religious grounds during the first period of proselytism and of Islamic expansion, and the tradition survived for many centuries afterwards. In India the building of mosques, tombs, and palaces was the most characteristic activity of the early Muslim rulers. This allowed great scope both to those artists who came from other parts of Asia, and also to the indigenous craftsmen who worked under Muslim inspiration and orders. They found vent for their artistic genius in drawing beautiful mural designs in letters and figures, and cultivating symmetry and proportion in buildings. Mausoleums and mosques thus became an inspiration to artists in every form of art. They came from every part of the country to take sketches of these buildings. Floral designs adorning the walls of these structures have been copied for embroidery and textile work. It would be impossible to estimate the immense educative value of these buildings in forming and developing the tastes, the standards of craftsmanship, and the imaginative scope of millions of Indians all over Northern India, Bengal, and the Deccan. The structure of Indian society tends to make artistic production dependent upon the continuous patronage of rulers and of the very wealthy. This patronage the Mughals, and, to a far lesser extent, the earlier Muslim rulers, were able to provide. They brought not only new ideas, but also a new urge to produce. A modern writer Mr. Ja’far, in his *History of the Mughal Empire*, has laid great stress upon the influence which the Emperors exerted on their courtiers, and through them on the rest of India.

‘Babur displayed a remarkable taste for painting. He is said to have brought to India with him all the choicest

specimens of painting he could collect from the library of his forefathers, the Timurides. Some of these were taken to Persia by Nadirshah after his invasion of India and the conquest of Delhi, but as long as they remained in India they exerted a great influence on and gave a new impetus to the art of painting in India.'

As we know, Babur did not live long enough to carry out his schemes for the development of India. His somewhat unfortunate son, Humayun, also had an unsettled reign. It was left to Babar's grandson, Akbar, to bring to perfection the love of art which he had inherited. He proved a great patron of art in all its branches. According to Abul Fazl, the well-known Minister of Akbar, the Emperor had more than a hundred *Karkhanajat* (i. e., workshops of arts and crafts) attached to the royal household, each like a city. (See *Ain-i-Akbari*-Text 9). Interesting details about these institutions have been collected by a modern writer, Mr. Abdul Aziz, in his remarkable book on the reign of Akbar's grandson, Shahjahan. I am indebted to this book for the following extract from an old historical work of Father Monserrate, who was at the Court of Akbar in 1580-2. He writes :

'He has built a workshop near the palace, where also are studios and workrooms for the finer and more reputable arts, such as painting, goldsmith work, tapestry making, carpet and curtain making, and the manufacture of arms. Hither he very frequently comes and relaxes his mind with watching at their work those who practise these arts.'

The lead given by Akbar in the patronage of art was followed by his son, Jahangir, who was himself fond of painting. Shahjahan was also artistic, and his personal interest encouraged his courtiers to imitate him and thus his influence further filtered down to those who came in contact with them. This tendency was particularly strong among the nobility of the Mughal Court. Mr. Abdul Aziz writing about this tendency in the book above mentioned, observes :

‘The Mughul nobility constituted a sort of agency through which the ideals of art and morals and manners were diffused among the lower classes.....The habits and customs of the people, their ideas, tendencies, and ambitions, their tastes, and pleasures, were often unconsciously fashioned on this model. The peerage acted as the conduit-pipe for this stream of influence. The patronage of art and culture followed the same lines ; and even where the interest was not genuine the enlightened pursuits were followed and encouraged as a dogma dictated by fashion.’

The merit of the paintings done under Muslim patronage during the Mughal period have been the subject of several monographs. Their value as an aid to history has been discussed in a lecture, given by the late Sir Thomas Arnold, before the Royal Society of Arts. There are considerable numbers of admirable miniatures in various European collections. The India Office in London, the British Museum, and the Bodleian at Oxford have many rare and beautiful specimens of an art which has hardly been properly appreciated by the western world. We give two specimens of this delicate and wholly delightful work.

Closely allied to the art of painting is the art of illuminating books. This found great encouragement under the influence of Islam in India. Muslims, who could afford to do so, liked to adorn manuscripts of the Quran and other books of religion or classic literature with gold borders on every page and to have the bindings of books adorned with gold. The taste for possessing such books was shared by the Hindu countrymen. Artists of both communities derived amusement as well as profit from illuminating books of Arabic, Sanskrit and Persian.

Calligraphy, or the art of writing a beautiful hand, was also very widely cultivated, and though a good many people adopted it to earn a livelihood, there was a sufficient number of well-to-do people who practised it as a relaxation from other pursuits, and liked to copy in an attractive form the books they wished to treasure. It is recorded that the Emperor Aurangzeb was not only

an accomplished master of this art, but that he used to earn a livelihood by making copies of the Quran and offering them for sale, as he did not like to spend the money of the State on his personal requirements.

In connexion with the subject of manuscripts, it may be mentioned that paper was brought into India by Muslims. This was a very material contribution to the advancement of learning. It appears that originally the manufacture of paper came to Central Asia from China. There was a great manufactory of it in Samarqand and it was from there that paper came to India about the tenth century A. D.

We may now consider the contribution made by Muslims to another branch of art, *i. e.* music. As observed by Mr. Ja'far, in his *History of the Mughal Empire*, 'Indian music, like other fine arts, proved a new channel of intercourse between the Hindus and the Mussulmans. The process of co-operation and intermutation was not a new thing in the time of Akbar. It had begun centuries before. In the domain of music it became distinctly perceptible how the two communities were borrowing from each other the precious share they possessed in this art, and thereby enriching each other. *Khyal*, for example, which was invented by Sultan Husain Shah (*Sharqi*) of Polpur, has become an important limb of Hindu music. *Dhrupad*, on the other hand, has engrafted itself on Muslim music.'

Abul Fazl tells us that Akbar paid much attention to music and patronized those who practised this art.

It is significant that though in the beginning of Islam this branch of art had also been discouraged like painting, yet the contact of Islam with Persia brought about a change in the attitude of Muslims towards it, particularly under the influence of *Sufis*, or Muslim mystics, who believed in the efficacy of music as a means of elevating the soul and as an aid to spiritual progress. This attitude became more pronounced when Muslims settling in India found that their Hindu countrymen were fond of music

and made use of it in their religious ceremonies. The result was that though Divine worship in mosques continued to be performed on the rigid lines of orthodox Islam, without any extraneous aids of singing or playing on musical instruments, music became quite popular among Muslims in India. The fondness of the rich for it made it a favourite amusement, so that it was customary to have musical performances on all festive occasions. The liking which the *Sufis* had for music started the custom of semi-religious congregations assembling to hear songs of divine love sung by professional singers. This class of musicians is known as *Qawwals* and the tunes which they sing are called *Qawwali* and are very popular.

A number of new musical instruments were either introduced by Muslims or were given Persian names, after some modifications in their appearance. Instruments like *Rabab*, *Sarod*, *Taus*, *Dilruba*, are instances in point.

The Mughal Gardens of Northern India are almost as well known in Europe as Mughal buildings. Centuries earlier the Arabs had introduced into southern Spain the idea of the well-ordered garden, as a place in which to find repose, beauty, recreation, and protection from the heat of the day. Water, preferably flowing, was an essential feature, not only to irrigate plants and shrubs, but to bring coolness, and in the plains to bring the illusion of the mountain streams. These would call back memories of their original homes to the Mughals as much as they did to the expatriated moors. The rediscovery in Northern India of these rather formalized gardens undoubtedly had an influence upon Italy and England.

The Mughals had undoubtedly a great feeling for natural beauty, and a certain nostalgia afflicted them in the dry arid plains of the Punjab, before the days when widespread irrigation had done something to relieve its monotony. At times they eagerly went to distant places in search of natural beauty, incurring great trouble and expense in doing so, at other times they incurred even more trouble and expense in bringing beauty to places where it did not exist before. It is interesting to read in

the letters of Abul Fazl on account of the journeys of the Emperor Akbar from Agra to Kashmir, to enjoy the wonderful scenery and climate of that beautiful valley. We are told that he used to go there for the summer, attended by his courtiers and troops, and used to take a new route every time, so that sappers and miners had to go before him making roads where no roads existed. His son, Jahangir, kept up this practice and was as fond of the beauties of Kashmir as his father. The famous garden, known as Shalamar, in Kashmir, still exists as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, and contributes to the pleasure of thousands of visitors every year. So does the other equally beautiful garden there, called the *Nisbat*. The journeys to Kashmir are thus instances of Muslim kings going to the beauty spots of India, while the creation of a Shalamar Garden in Lahore illustrates their enterprise in bringing to the plains of India the beauties of Kashmir. This garden is, to this day, one of the great sights of Lahore. The stages into which the garden at Srinagar (in Kashmir) is divided were made possible by the natural situation of the site chosen for it. It was at the foot of a mountain and water gushing down from the hillside flowed into the garden and enriched its soil. The natural ups and downs of the locality easily lent themselves to being shaped as stages of the garden. At Lahore, however, the garden was divided into three stages by artificial means, which added very much to the difficulty of the task. There was no water available near the site chosen for it and it had to be brought by means of a canal, but still the beauties of the garden in Kashmir were reproduced in the heart of the Punjab. I have specifically mentioned these gardens to illustrate the point that the love of gardening displayed by so many Moslem kings in India was a valuable cultural influence and has left a lasting impression on the taste of the well-to-do classes in India, Hindus as well as Muslims. This taste has now had a further stimulus with the advent of the English, who are behind no other people in their love of gardens.

The Emperor Jahangir was specially keen on horticulture, and was fond of gaining knowledge and collecting

information about trees, plants, and flowers. In his time, he imported many new trees and plants into India. A part of Lahore which is known as the *Badami Bagh* was full of almond trees which were successfully planted there. In the private collection of paintings I have seen an old book, containing hand-painted illustration of leaves of trees and fruit-plants, indigenous as well as imported, which was prepared in Jahangir's time and, presumably, at his instance.

The beauty and tranquillity of the Mughal gardens undoubtedly struck the imagination of contemporary scholars and travellers, as well as of the Indians in whose midst they were placed. They provided a new conception of life and its aims which influenced literature both in India and in Europe. There are poems in Indo-Persian literature as well as in Urdu, which were professedly inspired by the gardens in Kashmir and Lahore. Our distinguished Indian poet, Iqbal (or to give him his full name, Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal) has several exquisite poems in Persian, which were inspired by a visit to Srinagar. A famous couplet in Persian, improvised by a Mughal Princess, owed its inspiration to the sight of the beautiful waterfall which adorns the centre of the Shalamar at Lahore. She was watching with admiration the sparkling water of the *Abshar* falling on the slope of the marble, which constituted the artificial fall, and was listening to sound so produced, when the following improvised song came to her lips :

Ai Abshar nauha gar az bahr-i-kisti.
 Sar dar nigun figanda zi andoh-i-kisti.
 Aya chi dard bud ki chun ma tamam shab.
 Sar ra ba sang mi zadi o mi giristi.

It is not possible to bring out in translation the beauty of the original, but the words may be freely translated as follows :

Whose absence, O Waterfall, art thou lamenting
 so loudly,
 Why hast thou cast down thy head in grief ?
 How acute was thy pain, that throughout the
 night.

Restless, like me, thou wast striking thy head
against the stone and shedding tears profusely !

So far we have dealt chiefly with the amenities of life, but the Mughals also brought new ideas of administration into India. Many of these, like the land revenue system, have been absorbed into the ordinary government of the country under British rule. Although much of the Mughal administration had collapsed before the battle of Plassey, there were the rudiments of a postal system, and the Muslims had made roads, dug irrigation canals, and encouraged gardening from well-water. They had covered the land with *Kararan serais*, and almost certainly made it easier for Indian or European to travel in India. They had established a rule of law, which was in many ways more humane than that administered in contemporary Europe. The death sentence, which was inflicted for theft in contemporary England, was reserved for far more serious offences under the Mughal administration in India. There is abundant evidence to show that the Bengalis, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, found Muhammadan criminal law much easier to understand than the uncoded and exotic law which was enforced by the English High Court. A famous passage from Macaulay describes the devastating effect of the introduction of the new system. The merits of Muhammadan law have been fully recognized by colonial administrators in Africa.

There is some question as to how far the Mughals initiated and how far they merely adapted the elaborate court ceremonial and etiquette which so struck many travellers. From Milton onwards there are numberless references to this side of Mughal civilization. It is possible that the Mughals, like the English who followed them, believed in the psychological effect of this pomp upon the popular mind. It may be open to doubt whether this impressive show of power and wealth was really conducive to any development of culture. I must say, however, that these spectacles have an irresistible hold on the imagination of the people, and even countries boasting of the highest modern civilization cannot do

without them. A peculiar feature of a Darbar in India was that poets used to come and recite *Qasidas*, or panegyrics, praising the ruler presiding over the function, and used to be rewarded for doing so. This custom is not forgotten yet and prevails in Indian States and to a smaller extent in British territory, where *Qasidas* are sometimes read in honour of Governors and Viceroys. These poems are not always of a very high order from a literary point of view, but there are instances of *Qasidas* possessing real literary merit having been presented on such occasions.

The libraries that came into existence in India, as a result of the love of learning of many of its Muslim rulers, had a great influence on Indian culture. It was not only kings and princes who collected rich stores of literature for their enlightenment, but noblemen of all classes vied with one another in owning such collections. Of the Mughal kings Humayun was very fond of his books, and the stone building that housed his library still stands in Delhi. It was from its narrow stairs that Humayun fell when he died. Among the Mughal princes, Dara Shikoh, the eldest son of Shahjahan, a scholarly and broad-minded prince, was a great lover of books and left behind a large library, the building of which survived for a long time and the site of which is still pointed out. The ruin that followed the terrible period of the Mutiny of 1857 swept away most of these stores of literature. A few private collections of that period may still be found in some ancient families in India or in Indian States, but thousands of valuable books were lost or destroyed or sold cheap by those who got them as loot. A large number of them have travelled west and are fortunately preserved in the libraries of Europe. Among these may be found manuscripts bearing the seals or signatures of Muslim kings and noblemen who owned them. They furnish a silent but eloquent testimony to the culture of days gone by, when in the absence of modern facilities for propagation of literature and for the multiplication of books, human patience endured great hardships to preserve for posterity the best thoughts of the learned men of antiquity.

SIR ERNEST SIMON

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

The purpose of education is often stated in some general phrase: to form character; to produce a sound mind in a sound body; the complete and harmonious development of all the powers of personality. Most people would accept any of these definitions because they can be interpreted to mean almost anything. It is easy to agree on the desirability of a 'liberal' education, but when we go on to consider whether this will be best achieved by English or history or science or classics—by a broad curriculum or by specialization—agreement becomes impossible until we have defined our aim more clearly.

The main object which most parents have in mind in wishing to give their children the best possible education, is to enable them to make their way in the world and earn their living. A boy at the end of his education has nowadays to face a difficult world where competition is keen and secure employment difficult to obtain. His chance of success depends largely on the education which he has received. Hence the great importance of vocational education, which seeks to give a man the training, the knowledge, and the skill to enable him to earn a good living.

It is the very strength of the demand for vocational training which causes educationists to lay stress on the inadequacy of a narrow technical training, and to urge the aims of general culture, of a broad training of the mind to cultivate the tastes and stimulate the imagination. They point out that man has to-day more leisure than ever before, and that it is the aim of education to enable him to enjoy his leisure time in company with the great minds of the past and present.

These two kinds of education, the vocational and the cultural, are often held to constitute in themselves an adequate and liberal education. But they are, in fact, only the self-regarding aspects of education directed towards an increase of the chances of personal worldly success, or of personal culture and intellectual or artistic enjoyment. They ignore a man's third great function in life: his duty as a member of the community. A man may be splendidly educated as a technician, capable of doing valuable work in his vocation; he may be a profound scholar, an authority on some literary or artistic subject, and yet may be uneducated as a member of the community, knowing nothing and caring nothing about the lives of his fellow citizens, incapable of fulfilling his functions as a responsible citizen of a democratic state.

'His education should make him feel himself to be consciously at one with the community, sharing in its traditions of the past, its life and action in the present, and its aspirations and responsibilities for the future. His daily work will acquire a new significance, when he becomes aware that it may be done for the service of his nation, and, through his nation, of humanity at large.'

It is this third aim of education, education for citizenship, with which it is our purpose to deal in the following pages.

The Crisis of Civilization

Fifty years ago it was generally believed in Western Europe and the United States that the human race was making assured progress towards perfection along the triple paths of science, capitalism, and democracy. Men believed that the standard of living would rise, that leisure would increase; in short that there would be steady progress towards a better social order.

Now all this is changed. It is true that science and productive industry have continued to advance; statisticians tell us that production per head, owing to new inventions and developments, increases by 1 or 2 per cent. each year. But our political control of the whole process is

failing. Producers find that there is no demand for their goods; surplus herrings are thrown back into the sea, surplus coffee is burnt. There is not enough demand for the goods that could easily be produced, yet consumers cannot afford to purchase the goods they desire.

The workers have to work long hours and overtime: there is often too much to do. For instance, nearly all teachers would like to do far more for their pupils than they can find time for. And yet, nearly one-fifth of the would-be workers in this country can find no work.

In view of the achievements of science and industry, it ought to be possible for everybody to work, say, six hours a day to have one or two months' holiday in the year, instead of which the majority are so busy that they have little real leisure; the minority have no work at all.

The second great failure is our inability to find means of making the world secure from war. There is an almost universal demand for peace by the people of the world; elaborate machinery has been set up to secure it, yet there is everywhere doubt whether another great war can be avoided; indeed, many people almost despair of it.

There has never been a time when the world was potentially so rich, yet unemployment and insecurity were so general—there has never been a time when such efforts were made to prevent war, yet the despairing fear of its inevitability was so widespread.

The Authoritarian Remedy

The natural reaction to such political failures is to blame the Government, and when the failures continue men begin to blame the form of Government, to talk about 'the depressed and cynical aimlessness democracy'; to demand action and leadership. In countries where democracy was not based on long-standing tradition it has been replaced by some form of dictatorship. And the dictators are alike in deriding democracy and freedom. As the Nazis say, 'We spit on freedom,' 'We think with our blood.'

The main virtue in the citizen of any authoritarian state is discipline: enthusiastic and self-sacrificing obedience. Leadership appeals to much that is instinctive in mankind: docility has been the supreme virtue of citizenship since the days of the Pekin man, perhaps a million years ago. The essence of an authoritarian state in which the greatness of the state becomes the one absolute good is that the Government dreads opposition and free thought and suppresses it by violence. Spies and persecution are inevitable: it is the duty of the citizen to obey; cruelty to human beings does not count in comparison with duty to the state. The development of British humanitarianism during the last two centuries is in striking contrast with the callous cruelty of the citizens of the new authoritarian states.

One of the most striking features of the new authoritarian states is the complete confidence of their adherents in the just and rightness of their cause. Moreover, the authoritarians do not hesitate to use their full power to inculcate in the growing generation their own political views. The schools, the universities, the press, public speeches, the cinema, the theatre, broadcasting— all conceivable agents of publicity are united to preach the perfection of the state and the wickedness of its opponents. What effect this massed propaganda will have on youth in the long run is one of the most important questions of the next generation. One thing is certain, that it will continue to be used without scruple and without limit by the authoritarian state.

The Democratic Remedy

Citizens in the democratic states tend to be disillusioned and unhappy. But in the United Kingdom the great majority still decisively reject the authoritarian view. They believe that the Fascist ideals, superficially attractive to youth, are in fact the deadly enemies of the welfare and progress of mankind, that all that differentiates us from the beasts, all that is noble and fine in human civilization, is due to the free use of the human reason: to the gradual development of methods of discussion and

persuasion as opposed to violence ; that the disinterested search for the spiritual values of truth, goodness, and beauty is only possible in a state built up and carried on by the co-operation of free and responsible men and women. They agree that public opinion is far from perfect ; but if it is subject to panics it also responds to great ideals as in the early days of President Wilson's visit to Europe.

They regard it as nonsense to talk about the failure of democracy, which is, in fact, giving a better life to the people in this country even to-day than any dictatorship ever has done anywhere ; but they are forced to admit that while democracy worked well in the relatively simple and stable conditions of pre-war days, it is not working nearly as well in the much more difficult conditions of to-day, which demand a more flexible and scientific form of Government than was formerly necessary.

What can be done to improve it ? We are concerned here with one remedy : Education. There has been since 1870 an immense increase in the amount of education, and a great improvement in its quality. And yet so great a democrat as Lord Bryce could write a few years ago that the people of England were then no more capable of choosing their leaders than they had been in 1870. Why has education not been more successful in producing citizens fitted to bring about a better social order ?

Education To-day Inadequate

The reason seems to us to be simple : we have never given any serious thought to education for citizenship of a democratic state ; we are not giving nearly enough education, nor is it generally of the right kind.

In the first place the great majority of boys and girls finish their education at 14 and 16 and get no further formal education. The complexities of the political problem are such that only an exceptional boy whose education finishes at 16 can be expected to form a sound judgment either on political issues or on the qualities of a candidate.

On the other hand, a boy leaving school at 18, or leaving the university at 21 or 22, can, if properly taught, be given the necessary background of knowledge and the necessary interest in the affairs of the world to give him every opportunity of becoming a good citizen as he gains experience of life.

But even our university graduates have by no means always the qualities of citizenship. It is claimed that any university graduate with a good liberal education should be able to apply his powers and his knowledge to the vocation of citizenship. No doubt this is true in the case of those who, when their formal education is completed, have the time and ability and desire to acquire the necessary knowledge. A man who has done well at Oxford or Cambridge will make a first-class citizen or politician, on one condition: that after he comes down he devotes enough time to studying public affairs. But if he goes into business or a profession in the complex and competitive modern world, the pressure on his time is so great or his interest in public affairs so weak, that in most cases he never does, in fact, learn enough about politics to form independent opinions of his own.

Irrelevant learning, of however high a type, does not in itself make a competent citizen. A man who is the highest authority on the use of the Greek particles, or on the latest theories of physical science, is not necessarily capable of forming a sensible opinion about the value of the League of Nations, about the relative merits of Free Trade and Tariff Reform, or even of judging wisely the type of man who will make the best Member of Parliament or Minister of the Crown.

Unfortunately a large portion of our education is still completely detached from the problems of the modern world. Experience teaches us that a man with a good general education based on languages or science may be, and indeed often is, an excellent father, an excellent business man, and at the same time a bad citizen. It is notorious that great classical students or great scientists are quite capable of combining the best thinking on their

own subject with violent prejudice and complete muddle-headedness on public affairs.

The case we wish to put forward is this: that in the relatively simple society of the nineteenth century when government interfered little with the daily life of the people, indirect education for citizenship was perhaps adequate. Democracy worked fairly well without much specialized training for citizenship, either of the voter or of the statesman. To-day things have changed. The political world is so complex and difficult that it is essential to train men just as consciously and deliberately for their duties as citizens as for their vocation or profession.

The Citizen of Democracy

The authoritarian states seem to have been successful in creating—at least for a time—a high degree of enthusiastic and self-sacrificing devotion among their followers. We cannot expect, or even desire, the same passionate enthusiasm among lovers of reason and liberty, for passion is the enemy of liberty. It is the task of democracy not to imitate the irrational enthusiasm of its enemies but to cultivate reason and tolerance while combating cynicism and indifference; to do all it can to foster the steady growth among its citizens of a deep and abiding faith in the justice and rightness of its principles.

Let us consider what qualities a citizen of democracy should have in addition to the qualities that go to make a good father, a good scholar, or a good business man.

Among the fundamental moral qualities he must have a deep concern for the good life of his fellows. He must have a sense of social responsibility and the will to sink his own immediate interests and the interests of his class in the common good: to do his full share in working for the community.

But these qualities alone might lead to the well-meaning dictator or the unthinking follower. The citizen of democracy must also be a man of independent judge-

ment ; he must respect the individualities of others and therefore be tolerant of opinions in conflict with his own ; he must prefer methods of discussion and persuasion to methods of force.

The citizen of democracy also needs certain intellectual qualities. It is not enough to love truth ; he must learn how to find it. It is easy to teach students to reason correctly in the physical sciences : it is much more difficult to teach them to reason correctly in the social sciences where their own prejudices and passions are involved. They must be taught clear thinking in order that they may acquire the power of recognizing their own prejudices and of discussing political and economic questions with the same calm, the same desire to understand the other person's position, the same precision and absence of overstatement, that they would bring to the discussion of a problem in mathematics.

Further, they must acquire some knowledge of the broad facts of the world of politics and economics ; they must know something both of the world of to-day and of the history of its development. We suggest that the range of interest in the world and its affairs which our education should aim at creating is more or less the range of H. G. Wells's great trilogy on History, Biology, and Economics. Without implying that these books are suitable for school use, we think, that any one who had been led to read them and who found them stimulating would possess the kind of interest and knowledge which a citizen ought to have in order to form a sound judgement of public affairs.

The average voter can never be expected to form a useful opinion on the many detailed and complex issues of modern politics and economics. He may fervently wish for peace, but he cannot judge the best methods of securing disarmament and co-operation. He may wish for the abolition of unemployment and a better standard of life for all, but can hardly hope to judge in detail how these ends may be gained. A striking example of the effective working of the right kind of public opinion is

given by the history of the housing of the working-classes. One hundred years ago public opinion was indifferent ; the most revolting slums were built. Gradually, under the pressure of public opinion, governments began to intervene and improve the standard of housing. Since the War, from the days of the 'Homes for Heroes' campaign, public opinion has insistently demanded the abolition of the slums and the rapid building of new houses until a good house is provided for every family. Housing has become front-page news in the penny press. As a result, every government has taken action, some in one way, some in another. Public opinion has not concerned itself with the particular methods to be adopted in dealing with the housing problem. It has wisely left such matters to the government, who have the benefit of the expert advice of the Civil Service. None the less, it has been the steady pressure of public opinion demanding that the job shall be done somehow which has been effective in greatly increasing the rate of building houses and in securing a new and better standard of working-class housing.

We believe that in an educated democracy the voter should acquire a number of soundly based convictions on the main political questions of the day. He should recognize that he has responsibilities not only as a citizen of his own country, but also as a citizen of the world ; that he must be prepared to make sacrifices for international goodwill and co-operation ; that there must be equal justice for all ; that government should be by discussion and persuasion rather than by force ; that every child should be given a fair chance of growing up sound in mind and body, and making the best of its natural faculties.

There is also a further quality which the citizen of democracy must possess : the capacity to choose a good representative and to trust him when chosen. It is not always realized how greatly our political success and stability depend on the integrity of our public life and our public services. The voter must have the right standards as to what one should honour and respect in public men : he must recognize integrity, courage, and ability, and prefer these virtues to the specious qualities of the demagogue.

To sum up, the good citizen of a democratic state must have:

1. A deep concern for the freedom and good life of his fellows.
2. Such knowledge and power of clear thinking as will enable him to form sound judgements as to the main problems of politics and to decide wisely which party will be most likely to achieve the ends he desires.
3. The power to select men of wisdom, integrity, and courage as public representatives, and such knowledge of his own limitations as will dispose him to trust and follow his chosen leaders.

Education for Democracy

It may be said that the picture we have drawn of the citizen of democracy is an unattainable ideal. We agree that it is an ideal, but we believe that many men and women of this country could be educated to this level. Some people attain such citizenship with little or no formal education: Lincoln may be taken as the outstanding example, but for the majority to reach this level of citizenship must depend, on the one hand, on the gradual building up of an even stronger national tradition of free citizenship than we have to-day, and on the other of more effective and direct education for citizenship. Clearly the task of the teachers would be made easier if the length of compulsory full-time education were extended and if it were followed by part-time education up to a later age, but even under existing conditions a good start is possible.

We believe that a reasonable proportion of the men and women of this country could, by the right sort of training and environment, acquire something approaching the qualities we have indicated even under the conditions of to-day. We believe a democracy with such citizens would gradually but certainly solve the problems of economics and politics which are baffling us to-day. We believe that the first great step towards such a democracy lies in giving far more a conscious attention throughout our educational system to the problems of the best methods of educating citizens.

EARL OF ROSEBERY

Lord Rosebery (1847—1929) became Liberal Premier on Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1894. His political career was, however, disappointing; in spite of the lofty position he had reached so quickly, he retired early from the field. The causes or principles dear to his heart had still the support of his unrivalled eloquence, but he remained aloof from party politics, ploughing, as he said, "a lonely furrow." In addition to his other gifts he was also remarkable as writer of English prose, his best-known works being his books on Pitt, Napoleon, and Chatham.

THE POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESS

SPEECH DELIVERED IN LONDON ON APRIL 12, 1913.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:— I have become so rusty in the art of speaking that I feel to-night as though I were delivering my maiden speech. I had indeed hoped to have done with speaking, but remember that years ago your club honoured me with an invitation at the time when I owned a residence near Naples, and I was guiltily conscious of the fact that I preferred going to Naples to attending the dinner. I therefore felt that, if you wished to claim it, you had a mortgage upon my services. Nevertheless, I don't feel in high spirits when approaching an audience which I regard as by far the most difficult that I have ever addressed—a collection of the cream (if that were not a confusion of metaphor) of that great confraternity, that great freemasonry, which is called the Press, and which is composed of the most critical, almost cynical, (if that adjective were not offensive), and the most *blase* listeners to speeches of which any audience is composed,

My only comfort is this—that, owing to circumstances, I occupy a humble place on the slope of the mountain of onlookers of which you occupy the top. You are critical, you are dispassionate; you sound occasionally the bugle notes of war and strife from the top of the mountain, but in the secluded spot which I occupy I have no wish to stir up strife, and I observe the whole drama in an atmosphere to which you cannot aspire. During the Crimean War, while fighting took place on the heights of Alma, it was stated that a hermit lived near the foot and was totally unconscious for a long time that any war had been going on. While those present inspired and conducted the contending forces I am the hermit. It is all very well to be a hermit, but it does not make the position the less formidable when one has to address an audience of journalists.

One terror at any rate has been removed. The great terror of every public speaker in his time has been the reporter. So far as I can make out, the reporter has largely disappeared. He has ceased to report the speeches to which it was understood the whole community were looking forward with breathless interest. He has turned his pencil into a ploughshare; what he has done with it, I do not exactly know. At any rate, he has ceased to be that terror to public speakers that he was in my time; and he no longer reports—except the great lions of the Front Benches, every wag of whose tail it is necessary for every citizen to observe.

But at present, outside the proceedings of those great men, reports have ceased, to the infinite relief, if I may say so, of the speakers. I speak with feeling as a speaker. No conscientious speaker ever rose in the morning and read his morning newspaper without having a feeling of pain, to see in it, reported verbatim, with agonising conscientiousness, things which he would rather not have said, and things which he thought ought not to bear repetition. The agonising conscientiousness of the reporter caused a reaction in the speaker which no words can describe, except the testimony of one who had

experienced it. Then let me take the point of view of the reader, which is now my only point of view. Does any reader of the last twenty years ever read the speeches that are reported? I have no doubt that those whose duty it is to criticise, laud, or rebuke the speakers in the public Press feel it their painful duty to read the speeches. But does anybody else? Does any impartial reader of the newspapers, the man who buys a paper on his way to the City in the morning, and an evening paper in the evening—does he ever read the speeches? I can conscientiously say, having been a speaker myself, that I never could find anybody who read my speeches. It was quite different in the time when I was young, when practically the whole family sat down after breakfast and read the whole debate through. But the present age is in too great a hurry for that. They take the abstract; they may possibly read the abstract of speeches; but I appeal to an intelligent audience when I assert with confidence that not one man in a hundred ever read the speeches which were so largely reported in the Press. Their removal from the Press gave space to other matters of greater interest, and is one of the greatest reliefs the newspaper reader ever experienced.

I always find it a little difficult to know what to say, because the Press, like a great steam engine, is a little sensitive in relation to itself. If the Press were not sensitive it would not have the sympathy of the public—it could not speak the voice of the nation. Those who would speak to journalists have only one safe course; they must adhere to certain principles. They must assert the power of the Press, they must assert the potentiality of the Press, they must assert the responsibility of the Press, and, fourthly, they must assert in the strongest language possible that the British Press is the best and cleanest in the world. To all those four principles I give my conscientious adherence. I believe in the power of the Press. I believe in the potentiality of the Press even more. I believe even more in the responsibility of the Press; and I believe most of all that the British Press is the best and cleanest in the world.

But I am not quite sure that that covers the whole ground. There are two other things to be observed. One is (and it is no new one) the enormous monopoly which is now exercised by the Press. The great daily newspapers have such a monopoly, owing to the enormous cost of founding new ones, which is obvious to you all. I do not know what the cost is, but I have heard it put at from a half to three-quarters of a million, and even then with indifferent chances of success. Owing to the monopoly which is possessed and exercised by the principal daily newspapers of this country, their responsibility is greater than that of the newspaper of forty or fifty years ago.

Secondly, I would point out the great development of the Press. As far as I have been able to trace the origin of the Press, it dates from the threat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. It was then a mere fly-sheet, but it showed what was necessary or interesting to the people of this country. Now, every day journalists produce, not a newspaper, but a library, a huge production of information and knowledge upon every kind of subject. It may not be invidious to refer to one particular newspaper, though I know it will be a thorny subject. Take *The Times*, when it issued its South American Supplement. It was a weighty business—I have not pursued it myself, but it contains, I imagine, every possible fact that could ever be known about South America. It weighed about one hundredweight. That is an extreme case, but it appealed to me on more than one occasion. If you consider that prodigious mass of information, that huge concretion of knowledge, launched upon the British public as a newspaper—and that is what the British public now expects—and just contrast that with anything that was known before these days, and I think it involves a great responsibility, that Niagara of information which is poured upon the British public every day, as well as conferring some benefit. The Press enables us to know, as far as it is possible, everything about everybody and everywhere. Let me take my point about the responsibility of the Press with regard

to its omniscience. We hear a great deal about the apathy of the population about great questions. I think it is perfectly true. There is a profound apathy. People have no time to bother about anything except their own concerns and the last football match.

But is not that due to the prodigious amount of news, startling news very often, which the Press affords every inhabitant of these islands who buys a newspaper? Is it not the fact that it must be so—one feels that it must—that if a great number of impressions are hastily and successively made on the respectivity of the brain, those impressions are blunted, until the mental constitution becomes apathetic about other pieces of news? Do you not your-elves feel that, except, possibly, the blowing up of the Tower of London, there is hardly anything in the world to-night that could make you feel that anything great had occurred? How is it possible that a population, nurtured and fed on that perfect journalism, should have the slightest interest in any possible event that might occur on the morrow?

A hundred years ago there were two wars, one a great war and the other not so great, but very galling—the one with the United States of America and the other the great struggle to try to beat down the superman Napoleon. Then the public had no interest in the world, nothing reported, except with regard to those two wars. I think that if we realised the difference between the journalism of those days and the journalism of the present day, we should feel that the responsibility for the apathy of the country as regards public questions is largely due to the perfection to which journalism has been brought. In those far-off days there was the meagre sheet, which was issued two or three times a week, and the demands of war had practically shut three continents out from our purview altogether, whereas now we hear daily and hourly every item of news about every country and every person all over the world. Therefore, I say that the responsibility for the apathy of our people about public events must rest largely with the perfection of the Press. That being the

case, at any rate this could be done—the influence of the great newspapers of this country could be made the best and the most beneficent for the people who receive them.

Gentlemen, I do not wish to detain you, but it is perhaps the last time I shall address an assembly of journalists—or perhaps any assembly at all. I do not think I should choose an assembly of journalists, with that critical eye, for the one I should habitually address, but I wish to say one word more, in case I should never have again an opportunity to address an assembly of journalists. I speak very warmly and very sincerely when I say that your power and potentialities appeal to me more than anything else with regard to journalism. Your power is obviously enormous and you must wish to exercise it with that conscientiousness and honour, as I believe you do exercise it; but the potentiality is something which I am not sure that even you always realise. I take it in regard to one question, the question of peace and war.

In some respects I do not suppose you have so much influence as Parliament; I do not suppose you have so much influence as Ministers. There was a famous saying attributed to a notable Scotsman two hundred years ago, that he knew a wise man who said that if they would let him have the writing of the ballads of the country he did not very much care who made the laws. Well, ballads do not matter much, but newspapers do, and I should agree with that sentiment if you substituted the word “newspapers” for “ballads.” Your power is enormous. As you give to the people you receive back from the people mutual electricity, which gives you your power.

All that is a commonplace. But with regard to peace and war there is no commonplace. With regard to legislation and so forth, you probably have not so much power as Ministers or members of Parliament, except when you embody the unmistakable voice of the people. With regard to peace and war, upon those issues you have paramount influence—far greater than any member of Parliament, as great as any Minister of the Crown himself.

When critical occasions arise you can either magnify them or minimise them. I pray you, in issues which involve peace and war, diminish them as much as possible. Think what an awful responsibility is on you !

I think you have the power more than any other body of men to promote or to avert the horrors of war. I am quite sure that my humble advice is not needed by men who know their business so much better than I can know it, but they may sometimes, in the hurry of journalism—because it is a hurried profession—, forget the great principles which must be inherent in the journalist. As they write, they may on impulse of the moment, in defence against the aggressive journalism from abroad, forget their obligation to their own country. And I would ask them in these few last words, when any such issue may occur, and God knows the atmosphere is electrical enough at this moment, not to say a word that may unnecessarily, or except in defence, bring about to their fellow-countrymen the innumerable catastrophies of war.

LORD BALFOUR

CO-PARTNERSHIP

We recognise that the industrial system of modern societies is an extremely complex whole, having its roots deep in an immemorial past ; bound, therefore, by all the ties which hamper the present in its relation to the future because of the past : and we also recognise that the different industries, co-related as they necessarily are, and yet carried on under different conditions, may require different organisations, having to deal with persons of different degrees of knowledge, experience, and culture, and that it is equally impossible—it would be the worst form of doctrinarianism—to lay down any absolute rule of industrial organisation to which every industry must conform, or else be regarded as utterly wanting in those qualities which bring it within a favourable view of those who rule this Society. It is quite true our ideal is complete co-partnership, and by complete co-partnership I mean that those who carry on the work shall be associated as partners in all that the work brings in. That, broadly speaking, is the way I should advocate what is meant by complete co-partnership. But we recognise as an approach to that ideal many arrangements which are far less complete or theoretically perfect. We applaud every arrangement which softens or obliterates the division between employer and employed, between owner and occupier. Everything that is a step in that direction is to us welcome. Everything that helps along the road I have indicated is a step we desire to encourage, and, speaking for myself, I am certainly not one of those who believe that the ideal scheme can necessarily be carried out to advantage in every industry, in every department of productive effort. Certainly I cannot see that it can be carried out in the present development of society, and I am too disinclined to prophesy, or to lay down dogmati-

cally the proposition that the time ever will come, or indeed ought to come, in which the whole industrial effort of the world will be framed upon one single idea or model.

If I thought that the introduction of the Co-partnership system was to prevent that initiative which depends upon men, and to transfer that initiative to the incompetent hands of a committee, I should despair of the process. But it does not mean that at all. I believe the workmen of this country are as capable as any other class of understanding the real force of the observations I have made. They know, or they will know, when this system gets into force for any length of time, that to carry it out in these days—not merely of competition, but in these days when industrial and scientific inventions are making such rapid changes in almost every industry of the country—if you are to hold your own in the struggle for existence against competitors who have every advantage of organisation and of initiative, they cannot afford to give up, and they will not desire to give up, the advantage which efficient able management can give them in the struggle for commercial existence.

Let me say one more word in order to remove what I think is a misconception attaching to the movement in which we are all interested. People talk as if it were simply a movement to avoid contests between Capital and Labour, or as if, on the other hand, it was simply a movement to induce workmen to be more energetic and less wasteful in carrying out the work for which they are paid. Those are both excellent objects, but I do not—and I say it frankly—recognise this movement because it is immediately going to show results in the balance-sheets of employers or companies. I recommend it on much profounder grounds—grounds which go much deeper into the heart of things. After all, I think that in our ordinary speech we lose a great deal by taking as if the labour of a man whose life is devoted to labour was, in itself, an evil, but which becomes tolerable because he is paid for his labour and the payment he receives for his labour can be used to amuse him, or support his family, or in some other way,

when the hours of labour are over. There is, of course, an element of truth in that; but I am quite certain that that element of truth is grossly exaggerated in ordinary speech. I do not say that labour is a pleasure, but I do emphatically say that unless the work we do in life can be made inherently interesting—I do not say pleasurable—we have not yet got at the root of any social problem. The art of life is to make uninteresting parts into an interesting whole. No man's work—I do not care what he works on—is in itself, take it bit by bit, of an exhilarating character.

The uninteresting parts do make an interesting whole, and I am perfectly convinced from observation that many of those who are engaged in what is called less elevating work than that of the House of Commons—perhaps not rightly called less elevating—I am sure that many of those, unknown to themselves, really get most of their satisfaction in life not from their pleasures, but from their labours. And I think we often exaggerate the extent to which at present society fails in that ideal. Talk to an agricultural labourer working on a large well-managed farm, talk to an artisan engaged in some great industry, and you will find at last I have found—that it is a great mistake to suppose that all they care for is the amount of wages they get per week, and what they can do with that wage. They are interested in the concern. They feel instinctively that they are part of a great machine, of a great industry involving the expenditure of much brains, organised power, capital, which uses the latest machinery, and which is up-to-date. They are glad to be parts of that machine. It gives them, or many of them, a certain satisfaction, and they take an intelligent interest in it, although, under our existing system, all that they can get out of it is the actual industrial weekly wage, irrespective of the prosperity or of the adversity of the business, so long as the business continues.

Now I am right in saying that the introduction of machinery has undoubtedly made in many industries the work of individual operatives extremely monotonous. A

man or a woman has got to do one thing, and one thing only, all day and every day. They have got to look after one bit of machinery which contributes its own small quota to one complete result, and they have got to do that and nothing else. That is a worse position than what it was when machinery was much less developed than now, and when the individual workman had to do a great many different stages in the same ultimate production; and when, therefore, he had grounds for interest in his work which seem almost removed from the modern operative who has got to deal with the most advanced form of machinery. But, on the other hand, there is a set-off to that in the sense of the extraordinary beauty and complexity of the total mechanism of which he individually manipulates a fragment. I do not believe that the consciousness of that great complex mechanism is absent from the mind of the intelligent workman, although he be dealing only with a small portion of it. If what I have said is true, or is in some near relation to the truth, is it not of enormous importance to us to try and increase this interest in a man's work, which I believe is the chief interest of his life outside the family affections? The music-halls, public-houses, and so forth, the clubs—whatever it may be—may be, if properly used, a not illegitimate addition to the sum total of the felicity of those who use them. But I am certain that it is the work a man does which is the real thing in life. What you have to do is to increase the interest of the workman in the work he is doing, and that you can do more by furthering the co-partnership system than by any other possible means. You then make him feel he is part of a great organised mechanism of production, that he is a unit in the great army which is producing the goods the world consumes. You not only make him feel that he is doing his share of the world's work in that way, and getting a fixed wage for it, but you make him feel that he is a shareholder in the particular department of co-operative work in which he is engaged. That feeling must increase a man's interest. It must make him feel that he will gain by everything that is being done well, while he will lose by everything that is being done ill, and his own personal fortune

is more or less bound up in the success of the industrial concern of which he is a member. I venture to suggest that what is a very valuable asset, and that it goes deeper than the balance-sheet or the conflict between Capital and Labour.

There is one other consideration which, to my mind at all events, ought never to be absent from the thoughts of those who desire to develop industrial organisation on the line which commends itself to us who are on this platform. Modern industry is an extraordinarily complex and difficult organism. It is an organism all interconnected ; it is all one business, but it is a business of the most extraordinary complexity. Some of it involves an expenditure of brains, of intellect, the exercise of courage, and rapid appreciation of a difficult situation, of which I do not suppose the outside public have the smallest conception. Even those who are engaged on a work have probably not any really intimate acquaintance with the difficulties which the owners of that work have got to face. It is because they do not fully appreciate them that some of the difficulties between Capital and Labour arise. The quarrels of mankind are not due to the fact that mankind are bad ; they are due to the fact that mankind are ignorant. The more you can encourage mutual knowledge of each other's affairs by those who have to guide the enterprise, and the workmen on whom they depend for carrying out their plans—the more you bring these two classes together, and especially the more you make the workmen understand the difficulties of the employer—I am certain you will produce a class of men in this country who are fitted to deal with all questions, be they industrial or political or social, who do not exist at the present time. I speak in the presence of some of the Labour members of the House of Commons, who do agree with me on many points—I dare say they do not agree with each other on many points—but we all agree on this, that nothing can be better for the community as a whole than that the great artisan classes should have the closest possible knowledge, the most intimate knowledge possible, of business methods, difficulties, and risks, as well

as of business profits. That great result you will get by Co-partnership, and I do but if you will get it in any other way. But if co-partnership, either in its complex form or any of its less developed shapes, becomes general, my firm conviction is that you will have done an enormous benefit for the social advantage of your country, not merely or chiefly because in the industries where co-partnership exists there will not be strikes, not chiefly because there will be more energy shown on the part of the workmen, and a better balance-sheet of profits at the annual meeting of the concern, but because, in addition to those advantages, and quite apart from and above them, there is the additional interest in the great industrial work which will be instilled into the mind of every worker in the country, and that greater knowledge of all the complexities and difficulties of industrial life which is the true secret of the sympathy between one producer and another, and which is the great guarantee of social peace and the great hope of social progress.

SOCRATES

Socrates was one of the philosophers and teachers of classical Greece. It was perhaps natural that his enlightened thinking should bring him into disfavour with the most conservative element in Athens. In 399 B.C. an indictment was brought against him of corrupting the youth, and of undermining the State religion. The "Apology" is the speech in his own defence delivered at the ensuing trial, with the addition of shorter speeches made after a verdict of "Guilty" had been returned and after the death penalty had been passed. The speeches are recorded by the philosopher Plato, but there is no reason for doubting the authenticity of the defence of the views expressed.

[Extracts from the first speech are given together with the entire text of the third.]

From **THE APOLOGIA**

SPEECH IN HIS OWN DEFENCE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE COURTS OF ATHENS, 399 B.C.

I do not know, gentlemen of the jury, what your reaction has been to the prosecution. For my own part, my accusers almost made me forget who I was ; so persuasive was their pleading. Yet there is scarcely a word of truth in anything that they have said.

The most malicious of all their falsehoods was their suggestion that you must take care not to be deceived by me on the ground that I am a clever orator. It seemed to me utterly shameless of them to say this, when they are bound to be refuted the moment I speak and prove that I am not eloquent in any sense of the word, unless, of course, they mean that eloquence consists in speaking the truth. If they do mean this, I will agree that I am an orator, but not after their style. As I have said, there is

scarcely a word of truth in all their case, but from me you will hear the truth and nothing but the truth. And I swear, gentlemen, that my arguments will not be like theirs, decked out with beautiful words and phrases, but simply told in ordinary language.

I have complete faith in the justice of my defence ; make no mistake about that. But it would be unseemly for one of my age to approach you with the involved arguments of a young and budding orator. I have one request to make of you, gentlemen : if I make my defence in the same sort of way as I speak in the market place and at the bankers' tables where many of you have already heard me, do not be surprised and do not interrupt me. The fact of the matter is this. I am more than seventy years old and this is the first time that I have pleaded in a court of law ; so the procedure is strange to me and I am unfamiliar with the customary language. I ask you, therefore, to treat me as if I were in fact a stranger and be lenient with me as you would with a foreigner who behaved in his own way and spoke in his own tongue. I shall behave in the way in which I have been brought up, so I think it is reasonable for me to ask you to disregard the strangeness of my manner. It may be better—it may be worse—it does not matter. All you need consider is whether my plea is just or not. You, the judges, will have performed your duty if you do this ; I shall have performed mine if I speak the truth.

To proceed, gentlemen; it is only fair that I should defend myself first of all against the slanders which were first brought against me and begin by answering my first accusers, leaving the others until later. In the past many have come to you and spoken evil of me. For many years they have been doing this, but there has been no substance in their accusations. Yet I fear them more I do Anytus and his friends, though they are formidable enough. Those others are more formidable who have undermined your judgment since childhood by making veiled but damning charges against me without a shadow of justification. I refer to the gentlemen who came to you

and said : "Do you know Socrates, the sophist who speculates about the heavens above and seeks what lies beneath the earth and who can argue that black is white ?" It is people like that with their mischievous falsehoods who are my most formidable adversaries.

Any one who has listened to them must imagine that philosophers like myself do not believe in God. Moreover, these accusers of mine are many ; their activities have been spread over a long time ; they talked to you when some of you were still children and more credulous than you are today, and while others of you were young men. In any case you were bound to believe, for there was no one to plead my cause.

The hardest part of my defence is that I know the name of only one of my enemies, and he is a comic poet ! It is very difficult for me to answer all those who have persuaded you against me from envy or malice, or even because they were convinced of their own righteousness. I cannot cross-examine them, I cannot even question them. I must simply defend myself against shadows and carry on my cross-examination with an empty witness-box.

You must assume, therefore, that I have two kinds of accusers, one consisting of those who have brought this prosecution against me, the other of that much larger class of which I have just spoken. It is to the latter that I must first address myself, for you heard their accusations first and much more frequently.

* The duty devolves on me of reviewing their accusations and of attempting to dispel from your minds in a few brief hours a charge which you have held against me for years and years. I hope that I succeed, if my success will be for our mutual good and if indeed it will assist my acquittal. I know that it is a difficult task and am not entirely unaware of what lies before me. The result will be as God wills. The law demands that I should plead and should put my defence before you.

Let us try to discover the origin of this prejudice against me. Let us try to find the cause of the ill-feeling which induced Melitus to bring this formal charge against me. What was the substance of my accusers' words? It is only fair that I should read their affidavit and interpret it literally: "Socrates is a miscreant; he breaks the law by arguing that falsehood is truth and by teaching his doctrine to others." That at least appears to be the substance of their charge. Most of you have seen it depicted in the Comedy of Aristophanes. In that play you saw one Socrates swinging about in a basket while he declared that he was walking on air, and talked a lot of other drivel which I do not pretend to understand. I do not mean that I despise a man because he is versed in knowledge which I do not possess so long as it is really knowledge. I would not have Melitus bring such a charge against me; the plain truth is that I have no interest in such matters. You are yourselves witnesses of this and I ask you to cross-examine each other if you have ever heard me lecturing. There are, indeed, many of you who have. I ask these to speak out, if they have ever heard even mention "things above the heavens or under the earth." From their answers you will be able to judge the truth of the other accusations which are being made against me.

There is no truth in these allegations nor is there any more truth in the statement that I take fees for my poor attempts at teaching. If I were really a good teacher like Gorgias of Leontium and Prodicus of Ceos and Hippias of Elis, I should regard it as perfectly honourable to take a fee for my services. You must remember that each of the three I have mentioned is able to go into all the cities of Greece and persuade the young men to leave their comrades and follow him, although when they do so they are required to pay a fee and are grateful for their teaching into the bargain. Yet, if they stayed in their own cities they could receive instruction for nothing.

In Athens there is a philosopher from Paros who, I understand, has settled here. I happened to meet a

friend, Callias, the son of Hipponicus, who had spent more money on the sophists than everyone else combined. I said to him: "Callias, my friend, if your two sons were foals or calves we should have been in a position to find someone to look after them for the normal fee: someone ~~who~~ might have instilled into those fine young creatures the greatest excellence of their kind, for we should have required one to grow into a fine horse, the other into a fine ox. But as they are human beings, whom do you intend to put in charge of them? Who is there who can imbue them with a fine human nature and the quality of statesmanship? I am presuming that you have given the matter consideration. Tell me," I concluded, "is there any one or is there not?" "There is," he replied. "Who is he then?" I said. "What is his nationality and what are his views?" "His name is Euenus and he comes from Paros, and his fee is five minæ." "I congratulate you on Euenus if he is really so clever and teaches at such a reasonable charge." I should have been very proud of my own prowess if I were so full of wisdom, but I really have no knowledge at all, gentlemen.

I suppose one of you might object and say: "What, then, is the matter, Socrates? What is the cause of all this prejudice against you? It is surely impossible that so many unkind things should be said of you if you have been no more meddlesome than other men. You *must* have committed some crime. Tell us what it is so that we may not make a hasty judgment."

This seems quite reasonable, so I will try to explain how my reputation has suffered and I have gained such an unenviable name. Give me your close attention. You ~~may~~ think that I am jesting, but I can assure you that I shall tell you nothing but the truth. My reputation springs from no other cause than my wisdom. You ask me what sort of wisdom is this. My reply is that it is the kind of wisdom which any man might attain. That is all that I claim for myself. Perhaps those teachers whom I have described possess a wisdom which is somehow greater than ordinary human knowledge. I have

no other explanation for it. For myself I make no such boast. Whoever charges me with having done so is lying and only does so to heap coals of fire on my head.

At this point, gentlemen, I must ask you not to interrupt me if you think my words are strange. The words I utter do not spring from my own mind ; they spring from one to whom I will refer you as a witness worthy of your attention. The witness of my wisdom, if indeed it deserves to be called wisdom, is no other than the oracle of Delphi. You all know Chairephon. He was a friend of mine in my youth and he was a friend of your democratic party, too, for he shared in your recent exile and came back with you. You know how impetuous Chairephon was. He went to Delphi and had the effrontery to ask the oracle (please do not interrupt me, gentlemen) whether there was any one wiser than I am. The oracle returned the answer that there was no one wiser. Chairephon's brother, since Chairephon is dead, will bear witness to the truth of what I say.

Now I will tell you why I have raised this point. I have done so because it will help me to show you the origin of my ill-repute. When I heard the oracle's reply I reasoned with myself thus: "What can be the meaning of the god's words; what riddle can they contain? I am not conscious of the slightest wisdom in myself; what then can the god mean by saying that I am the wisest of men? It is incredible that it should be untrue, for that would be unnatural." I was at a loss for a long time until I hit on the following method of resolving the problem. I visited people whom I had heard were very wise, hoping that if I found one wiser than myself I could confront the oracle and say to him: "You declared that I was the wisest of men, but here is someone wiser. What was your hidden meaning?" In the course of my search (I need mention no names—but it was a politician whom I approached), I engaged a man in conversation and decided that though he had the reputation of great wisdom, a belief which was held by many but by none more than himself, he was not really wise. I tried, therefore, to

demonstrate that his belief in his own wisdom was unfounded. The result was that I incurred his lasting enmity as well as offending many who were present at the time. When I left him I said to myself: "At least I am wiser than he is. Perhaps neither of us has any knowledge of goodness or truth, but at least this gentleman deceives himself into thinking that he has, whereas I am conscious of my deficiency. I conclude that I am the wiser of the two in so far that I do not suppose that I know what I do not know."

After that, I went to another who was considered even wiser than the last, but the result was precisely the same. The consequence was that I earned his enmity, too, and that of many others whom I approached.

When I have said is a sufficient reply to the first class of my accusers. Now I will try to frame a reply to Melitus, that patriotic citizen, as he calls himself, and to the others who fall into the second class. To begin with, let us read their affidavit as we did in the case of the first class. It runs something like this: "Socrates is a criminal; he corrupts the young men; he does not believe in the gods of this country, but has invented other strange deities of his own creation." That is the general outline of the charge. Now let us examine carefully each individual item. Melitus speaks of my criminal activities in corrupting the young men, but I reply, gentlemen, that Melitus himself is guilty of criminal practice in that he makes a jest of the most serious things and brings good citizens before the courts without the least consideration. He pretends to be zealous in his duty; he pretends interest in matters which have never interested him in the least. I will now try to substantiate the truth of my statement.

Answer my questions, Melitus. Are you not concerned for the true welfare of our young men? Of course you are. Then pray tell the judges who is responsible for their welfare. Obviously you must know, since you take such an interest in the matter, an interest which is shown by your action in bringing me before this court and declaring that you have found in me the one man who corrupts

them. So tell me (and let your testimony help the judges), who is their mentor? Are you silent, Melitus? Have you nothing to say? Does it not seem shameful to you to be so tongue-tied? Is not your apparent lack of interest additional evidence of the truth of my statements?

I ask you again, my good friend, what is the influence which improves the morale of our young men? "The laws," you reply, but that, my dear sir, was not what I meant by my question. I meant who is the man who has profound knowledge of this very influence? "The judges," you say. Whatever do you mean? Can these gentlemen bring up and instruct the young men and improve their minds? You think they can? Do you imply that some can and others cannot? "They all can," you say. I swear to heaven, that makes cheerful hearing!

Another point. Do you think that the members of the audience which is listening to this trial improve the morals of the young men? You think they do? Then what about the senators? "They do, too," you say. Then, my dear Melitus, do you imagine that the members of the Public Assembly corrupt the young men? Surely they, too, help to educate them. You agree? Then apparently every citizen of Athens, with the sole exception of myself, assists in training them to become good citizens. I am the only influence of corruption. Is that what you mean?

You have certainly condemned me to an unhappy lot. Answer me this one more question. I will draw an analogy with the world of horses. Do you suppose that all men except one improve their mettle while that one man destroys it? Surely the reverse is true that one man (or at most a few) is able to improve their mettle. I mean, the class of trainers—while the majority who make use of their services do them harm rather than good. Is not that true, Melitus, not only in the case of horses, but also in the case of every living thing? It really makes no difference whether you and Anytus agree or disagree.

Our young men would indeed be very fortunate if only one man were able to corrupt them and all the rest improved their character.

You, Melitus, have amply demonstrated that you have never had a thought for the welfare of the young men. It is perfectly obvious from your own admissions that you have no concern with the actions of which you accuse me; your very name suggests as much.

Now I have another question for you. I ask you whether you think it preferable to live among citizens who are good or among those who are bad. The answer is obvious, is it not? That at least was not a difficult question. But is it not true that bad citizens are always an evil influence on those who are nearest and dearest to them, while good citizens exert a beneficial influence? You agree? Is it possible that any one should choose to live with people whose influence on him is bad? You must answer me, my dear sir, because the law commands you to do so. "Certainly not," you say. Well then, are you accusing me of corrupting the young men and of damaging their morals intentionally or unintentionally? "Intentionally," you say. Then Melitus, are you, at your age, so much wiser than I am at mine that you are aware that evil men exert an evil influence on those who are near to them and that good men exert a good influence, whilst I have reached such a state of ignorance that I am unaware even of the fact that if I corrupt one of my friends I run the risk of coming to harm at his hands. At least, that is the only reasonable explanation of my doing this of my own free will as you declare I do, although I must admit that I am not convinced by your arguments, nor, I think, is any other reasonable man. Either I do not corrupt the young men or, if I do, I do so quite involuntarily. Whichever is the case, your testimony is false.

If my actions are involuntary you ought not to have brought this charge against me. It is not customary to punish men for actions over which they have no control. Rather, the correct course is to seek them out in private and teach them the error of their ways. Surely it is obvious that if I am convinced I shall cease doing what

I have been doing in the past unintentionally. Yet you avoided my company and refused to help me with your advice; instead, you bring me before the judges who are here to try men who need punishment, not instruction.

It is by now abundantly clear, gentlemen, that, as I said, Melitus has no personal concern with the substance of these charges. He does not care a whit about the whole business. However, you had better tell us, Melitus, how I am supposed to corrupt the young men. The answer is obvious, I presume, from the indictment which you have drafted. You accuse me of teaching them not to believe in the gods who are our traditional objects of worship, but instead to believe in strange new deities. Is this what you mean by saying that my teaching corrupts them? You agree? You have no other alternative. In that case I charge you by the gods of whom we are speaking to explain yourself to me and the court still more clearly. For my own part I cannot discover whether you mean that I teach men to believe in *some* gods. In that case you would be admitting that I am not entirely an atheist and on that count at least am innocent. Your charge then would amount to this. That the gods in whose existence I believe are not those in which the citizens of this city are brought up to believe. Or do you accuse me unequivocally of being a complete atheist and of teaching others to follow that doctrine?

"I imply the latter," I hear you say. "I charge you with being an atheist in the full sense of the term." My good Melitus, what a remarkable statement to make. You think then that, unlike other men, I refuse to admit the divinity of the sun and the moon. "Indeed, gentlemen of the jury," you say, "that is so. He believes that the sun is made of stone and the moon of earth." Why, my dear sir, you are not accusing me, but Anaxagoras. Have you so much contempt for the judges? Do you suppose that they are so unversed in literature that they are not aware that the works of Anaxagoras of Clazomenae are full of these doctrines? Yes, and the young men are supposed to learn these things from me when for a drachma at most they could buy the book from the

stall and laugh at Socrates if he dared to pretend that these ridiculous views were of his creation !

Do you really suppose that I am as you describe me? Do you really think that I believe no gods exist? You will convince nobody. I do not believe that you have convinced yourself. In my own opinion, gentlemen, Melitus is an impudent fool and has drafted this charge against me in a spirit of utter recklessness and youthful folly. It seems to me that he has set a kind of riddle to discover whether the "wise" Socrates will see through his malicious inconsistency, or whether he will be able to deceive me and all the others who are listening to the trial. It is abundantly clear that he has contradicted himself in the indictment. It is just as though he were to say: "Socrates is guilty of a crime in not believing in the existence of the gods and also in believing in their existence." But that cannot be a charge made in earnest. I invite you, gentlemen, to examine the grounds on which I base my statement of the prosecution's inconsistency. You, Melitus, I shall require to answer my questions. As for you, the judges, I must reiterate my former request and beg of you not to interrupt me, but to allow me to marshal my argument in the way which is natural to me.

Is there any one, Melitus, who believes in human activity while not believing in the existence of man? Make him answer me, gentlemen; do not permit him to interrupt me again and again.

To proceed, is it conceivable that any one should believe in the existence of equestrian activity and yet not believe in the existence of horses; or believe in the music of a flute without believing in the existence of its player? Of course not, my worthy friend. If you refuse to answer, I will answer for you.

Here is another question for you to consider. Is it possible to believe in divine activity, and yet not to believe in divinities? You admit that it is not. How lucky I am to drag this one answer from you, however

reluctantly, for you actually accuse me of believing in divine influence and of teaching that doctrine. It does not matter whether the divine influence in which I believe is a familiar one or not. The important thing is that you have made the fact that I believe in some divine agency a part of the indictment against me. Surely if I believe in a divine agency it necessarily follows that I believe in the existence of divine personalities. Is that not so? Of course it is. I take your silence to mean assent.

As we have agreed on that point, my next question is this. Must we not believe that divine personalities are either gods or children of gods? You agree? Very well, since I believe in divine personalities, as you agree, I can demonstrate the truth of my statement that your indictment is inconsistent and really a kind of playful riddle. If the divinities in which I believe are gods, your charge amounts to saying that although I do not believe in gods, yet I do believe in them, since I believe in the divinities. If, on the other hand, the divinities are the sons of gods—it does not matter whether they are bastards or the children of nymphs or anything else who could possibly believe that they were born of gods and yet not gods themselves.

It would be just as ridiculous to believe that the offspring of horses, or, if you prefer it, asses, were not horses or asses. There is no conclusion open to me, Melitus, except to believe that you drew up this indictment to test my wisdom, or because you had no true charge to make against me. I cannot believe that you will convince any one of the slightest intelligence that one and the same man can believe in divine activity and heavenly influences and yet not believe in the existence of divinities or gods.

I do not think that any elaborate evidence is necessary to show that I am innocent of all the counts which Melitus has brought against me. What I have said seems to me a perfectly adequate reply. As I said before, I am aware that I have incurred much enmity and that

I have many enemies. You know it as well as I do. That will be the cause of my downfall if I am condemned, not Melitus nor Anytus, but simply the envy and prejudice which is in the minds of so many people. It is equally clear that if I sought to convince you of my innocence if I were guilty, or to constrain you to forget your oaths by my entreaties, I should in fact be teaching you to forsake your belief in the gods and by my very defence should be condemning myself on the charge of atheism. That is far from the truth. I do believe in God, gentlemen, and I am a great believer than any of my accusers. I leave my case in your hands and in the hands of God. I am confident that the verdict will be the one that is best for me and best for you.

(A verdict of "Guilty" is returned and death penalty imposed. After the sentence had been pronounced, Socrates spoke again as follows:-)

You have not gained much time, gentlemen, by sentencing me to death, but because of your sentence you have laid yourselves open to the calumny of the city's detractors who will say that you have put Socrates to death, one of the wisest of men. Oh yes, they will still call me wise, even though I do not claim wisdom, just because they wish to cast the blame on you. If you had only held your hands for a little while, Nature would have done your task. You can see how old I am; you must know that I have nearly run my course and have come near death. My words are not intended for all of you, but only for those who voted in favour of the death penalty. I will add this, too. Perhaps you think, gentlemen, that I might have escaped the sentence if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid which might have convinced you, or if I had had command of the sort of language which would have persuaded you against your will. That is untrue. It is no lack of words which has brought me to conviction, but a lack of the shameless impudence which I should have had to possess to address you in the way which you would have regarded with most favour. For I should have had to cry for pity and to have thrown myself on your mercy, and by word

and action should have shown myself unworthy of my self-esteem. That, at least, is the kind of pleading which you are accustomed to hear from others.

I did not consider that the danger to my life entitled me to act unworthily; I am not ashamed of the defence which I put before you. I would much rather die thus than have lived at the expense of disgracing myself.

There is no justification in a court of law any more than in the battlefield for me or any one else to avoid death at *all* costs. It often happens in wars that a chance to escape death presents itself, but only at the cost of throwing aside one's arms and putting one's life at the mercy of the enemy. Indeed, in all life's dangers there are many ways of escaping death, providing one is content to forsake every right standard of action and speech. The difficult thing, gentlemen, is not to escape death, but to escape dishonour, for dishonour runs more swiftly than death.

As the sentence stands, I, who am slow and old, have been overtaken by the slower runner while my accusers who were clever and swift have been overtaken by dishonour. It is time for me now to depart from your midst, condemned as I am to pay the full penalty, but my accusers have suffered also at the hands of truth. They have incurred the penalty of unrighteousness and injustice. I am content to abide by my sentence and they by theirs. Perhaps it was inevitable that this should happen. In my humble opinion it is for the best.

It is my desire next to make a prophecy to all of those who have condemned me. I have reached that place in life on the very threshold of death at which prophecies come most readily to men's lips. I fear, gentlemen, that you have condemned me to death will be visited immediately after my death by a vengeance far harder to bear than the one you have inflicted on me. You imagine that by condemning me you have escaped the necessity of giving an account of your lives, but I declare the very opposite will be the case. Those whom I have so far restrained and of whose existence you are

not even aware, will come to accuse you. They will be more numerous than the one man who has accused you ere now and they will be harder to tolerate because they are younger and on that account they will cause you the greater discomfiture. You are quite mistaken if you suppose that murder will acquit you of the responsibility for your ill-spent lives. That, indeed, is not a possible means of escape, nor, if it were, would it be an honourable one. The only honourable one happens also to be the easiest one. It consists simply in avoiding temptation to suppress other men's views and of taking every possible measure to improve one's own character. That is all I have to say to those who condemned me; that is the end of my prophecy.

To those who voted for my acquittal, I should also like to say a few words about this thing that has come to pass while the Archons are still busy and before I am taken away to the death chamber. Stay then with me a little longer, for there is no harm in talking with each other while there is time.

You are my friends. I want to show you the true meaning of this fate which has come upon me. I want to address you as my judges, for you are the only ones to whom I should be justified in giving that honourable title. I want to convince you that a wonderful thing has happened to me. In the past a divine sign, an inner voice, has often been heavy upon me whenever I contemplated an action which was contrary to the right. Often the occasion was quite an insignificant one, whereas the pass to which I have come, as you can judge for yourselves, one would suppose, and most people would agree, was the worst of all evils. Yet the sign of the God was not vouchsafed to me when I left home this morning, nor when I entered the court, nor when I was pleading, nor, for that matter, when I was about to bring forward any specific point. On other occasions it has often restrained me when I was in the very act of speaking, but today I felt no opposition in anything I have said or done.

What can I suppose is the reason for this? I will tell you. The explanation is that what has befallen me is a blessing. Those of us who think that death is evil cannot interpret it correctly. I have strong evidence that this is so. It is inconceivable that my usual sign would not have intervened if I had been going to proceed to anything that was evil.

If we reflect in the following way we shall see that there is good reason for supposing that death is a blessing. Death must be one of two things. Either it must be like ceasing to exist, the dead man must have sensation of nothing; or, as is generally supposed, it must be a kind of change—a transmigration of the soul to another place.

If death means the ending of sensation and is something like a sound and dreamless sleep, it is indeed a blessing of incomparable value. Suppose a man were asked to compare a night through which he had slept so soundly that he was not conscious of even a dream with all the other days and nights of his life. Suppose he were required to say how many days or nights were better and happier than that night of dreamless sleep, any one, whether a private citizen or the great king himself would not find such days or nights very numerous. If then death is of this nature I declare without hesitation that it is pure gain. All time is then seen to be only a single night. If again death is like going from one place to another and all the stories of another world are true, what greater blessing than this, my judges, could be imagined? When a man has reached Hades he is free of people like those who have condemned me who pretend to be judges; he will find only the true judges of which story tells—Minos, Rhadæmathus and Aiæcus and Triptolemus and the other demigods who showed justice in their lives on earth. Can you regard that as a journey that one would not choose to make? What would not any one of you give to converse with Mousæus, or Hesiod, or Homer? I would gladly die a hundred times if this picture is true. It would be a wonderful experience for me to make the pilgrimage if only to meet Palæmedes and Ajax the son of Tela-

mon and other heroes of old who died through an unjust trial. I should never grow tired of comparing my sufferings with theirs. The greatest privilege of all is that I shall be able to continue in my questioning and my search after truth as I did in this world, and shall discover which of them is wise and which of them imagine they are wise while really they are not. Again, my judges, what would I not give to be able to question the general of the great army which took Troy, or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or any other of the thousands of men and women whom I might mention, to be in whose company and to converse with whom would be infinite happiness. In the other world they do not execute men for seeking the truth, so I must conclude that in every respect the other world is happier than this, and those who dwell there, if story be true, are immortal.

I want you to approach death cheerfully. I want you to be certain of the truth of this one thing—that a good man can come to no harm in life or in death, for the gods watch carefully over his fortunes. What has happened to me is no accident; it is clear to me that it is better to die now and shuffle off this mortal coil. That is the reason why my inner voice has given me no sign; it is the reason, too, why I feel to rancour against my accusers or those who have condemned me. It was not with this in mind that they charged me or that they voted against me. They did so to injure me; that is the sum of the blame which they have incurred. I have only one request to make of them. I want you, gentlemen, to punish my sons when they come to the prime of life and give them the same pain as I have given you if you are convinced that they care for money or anything else before virtue. If they think that they have greater powers than they have, rebuke them just as I did you. Tell them that they are forgetting themselves and thinking that they are of some worth when they are really valueless. Thus I and my sons will have received our deserts at your hands.

It is time to be gone. The hour has come when I must go to die and you to live. Which of us has the better fate in store? Only God can tell.

